

My Heart Will Go On File

by Val N

Category: X-Files

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-09-01 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-09-01 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 09:51:11

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 30,312

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Scully is shot on a stakeout and wakes up in the movie Titanic, where familiar faces abound.

My Heart Will Go On File

Title: My Heart Will Go On File Author: Val N. E-Mail:

val0929@aol.com Classification: Adventure, Romance, Angst, and somewhat of a Crossover Rating: PG Distribution: Gossamer only. All others please ask so I know where it's going! Thanks! Spoilers: Triangle, PMP, and Detour Summary: Scully is shot on a stakeout and wakes up in the movie Titanic, where she is Rose and Mulder is Jack and other familiar faces appear as well.

Disclaimer: Mulder, Scully, Skinner, Krycek, Spender, Diana, and any other characters from the X-Files universe do not belong to me! I don't own them and I'm not making any money off of this story so please don't sue me! The movie Titanic and its plot belong to James Cameron. I borrowed it and some of the wording from the screenplay in one scene, the flying scene. I don't have copyright on his characters.

Author's Note: This story is patterned almost exactly on the movie "Titanic" with Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet. Mulder and Scully have simply been injected into the story as the tragic lovers because I think they belong together! Noromos stay away! Other characters from the X-Files show up in various roles on the ship. So, without further delay, here we go!

***** "My Heart Will Go on File" by Val N. *****

Dana Scully sighed and checked her watch. The small dial was slowly inching its way past 2:00 AM. She looked up and out the windshield of the dark Oldsmobile up toward the run-down two-story house. A light was on in a second story window, but other than that the area around

them was silent and dark. The woods stretched on either side of them, endless and empty except for their car. Scully looked up at her partner, Fox Mulder, sitting at the wheel intently watching the house in front of them. He took a sip from the steaming coffee in his hand. He looked over at her and caught her staring at him. A smile crept on his face. "Sorry, Scully, no heat. If we turn on the car, we're spotted. Coffee?" Mulder held out the small Styrofoam cup to her.

Scully sighed and shook her head. "I'm not cold, Mulder," She glanced out the passenger's side window. "Aw, darn. I was going to suggest another way to keep warm." Scully's glare turned back to him. "In your dreams, G-man." They were sitting in a forest miles and miles from Washington on a stakeout. Skinner had asked them to assist on catching a drug ring. They were the third pair of agents to be out there that night and there was no sign anything was going to happen soon. Scully sighed again and reached down to get a magazine from under the seat. They weren't going anywhere. She flipped through the most recent Newsweek, landing upon new video releases. The bright blue word "TITANIC" caught her eye. Under the caption was a picture of Leonardo DiCaprio teaching Kate Winslet how to fly at the bow of the doomed ship. Scully laughed at all of the mania going on associated with that movie. Repeat business from teenage girls and middle-aged housewives had boosted profits over \$2 billion.

Merchandise was everywhere, as inescapable as Leonardo DiCaprio was on every magazine cover. "To be honest, I wouldn't mind seeing it," Scully spoke out, her eyes skimming the article. Mulder turned to her and Scully held up the magazine in reply. Mulder rolled his eyes. "I didn't think you were into all that tragic movie romance, Scully." Scully shrugged. "I still wouldn't mind seeing it. When I was younger, I was fascinated by the story." "I think every kid is. The whole world is fascinated by it." Scully placed the magazine on her lap. "I think it's because we see ourselves there and we ask ourselves what we would do." She looked up. "What would you do, Mulder?" Mulder sighed. "I don't know. Maybe jumped and swam to a lifeboat. Maybe go heroically, staying on the ship to the last second," he smiled. "I couldn't say. It's such a horrific situation I wouldn't want to think about what I would do." Scully nodded slowly and looked back to the magazine. "I'd like to think I would've sacrificed my life so that other women would have a place in the lifeboats." Mulder shook his head, a small smile on his face. "I would've pushed you into the lifeboat anyway, Scully." Scully looked up at him, slightly taken aback. "Who's to say you would even be there with me?" Mulder was getting into this banter now. "Oh, come on, Scully. Couldn't you see us as the doomed lovers, Jack and Rose?" he was teasing now, but a tone in his voice was serious. Scully was laughing. "No, I couldn't see you drawing me naked." Mulder snapped his fingers. "Darn, and I was hoping..." Suddenly two gunshots snapped them out of the conversation. Scully and Mulder were out of the car, weapons drawn, in a flash. They crept under the thick brush to the house. It was pitch black, but voices could be heard yelling in Spanish. Scully rounded the house and up to the front door, careful not to step in various holes that were scattered around the rotted front porch. Mulder was behind her and he stepped up to the front door, standing beside it, ready to break it in. He looked up at her, 3 fingers up in the air. As he counted down, Scully held her breath. Mulder broke in the door easily and Scully came in behind him. They were both yelling "FBI!" over and over. They turned to the left, facing a living room. A tall Mexican man with a dirty mustache was standing over another Mexican man, who was lying on the floor with a bullet in his head. The gun was still smoking as he lowered it. "Drop the weapon!" Mulder yelled, gun trained right at his head.

The man simply looked at them, his eyes dark with rage. It was a standoff. He held the gun at his side, but didn't drop it. "Drop the weapon!" Scully repeated, her voice deep and angry. The Mexican man looked at her. Before she realized what was happening, his gun was back up and a shot had been fired. All she heard was Mulder's yell, another gunshot, and then another gunshot as she fell to the floor, white-hot pain coursing through her abdomen. The gun clattered beside her. She felt blood on her fingers, gushing from the wound. The pain was unbearable, searing through her like fire. She saw Mulder's face above her as he dropped beside her, frantic and yelling. But his voice was slowly disappearing as her eyes closed. "Scully!...Scully!...with me, Scully!...Don't le..." His voice was broken as she finally sank into the welcoming blackness of unconsciousness.

Light hit her, blinding her and causing her to groan. She felt soft blankets around her, but her stomach was killing her. Scully opened her eyes and saw a small wood-paneled room--small but extremely elegant. She was lying on a bed with a canopy over her. Around her were paintings, some of which she recognized as Picasso. The furniture looked like period pieces, with elaborately stitched fabric and ornate wood design. A fireplace was in front of the bed, vases and antiques adorning the mantle. She sat up and saw someone standing at the window she wished she hadn't. Diana Fowly Scully's eyes narrowed at the sight of a fellow FBI agent who she was sure was working for the Consortium. The woman was a liar and as evil as Scully could comprehend. She also had a past thing with Mulder that Scully didn't have any real knowledge of. Diana was standing at the window, pulling back the curtains. "Dana, why are you napping? We have to be down at dinner in ten minutes. You're ruining your dress!" Dana looked down and realized she was wearing an elaborate evening gown. It was red silk underneath, covered in a second sheath of beads. Then she realized why her stomach hurt--she was wearing a very tight corset. She groaned and clutched her abdomen. Diana sighed, annoyed, as a maid came in dressed in the traditional black and white outfit. "Trudy, you were supposed to do Dana's makeup five minutes ago!" she snapped. Scully noticed immediately that Diana was wearing the same type of gown she was, except that hers was a yellow silk with a beaded bodice. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but Mr. Spender--" Scully started at the name of Spender. What was going on here? She got up off the bed, using the bedpost to steady herself. She looked down at herself and then slowly put up a hand to her hair. It was elaborately pulled back in a clip and adorned with flowers. Necklaces and jewels were hanging off of her. Diana and Trudy looked at her when she gasped. Diana's eyes narrowed. "What's wrong, Dana? You do know who your fianc   is, don't you?" Scully stepped forward, her face flaming. "You can just go to--" Diana cut her off, "How dare you talk to your older sister like that! I'm in charge, Dana, and don't forget it." "Older sister? The day you're my sister--" Diana cut her off again, "I suggest that when you learn to speak properly you address me with the respect I deserve." She turned around and stalked out the door, slamming it behind her. Scully turned to Trudy and grabbed her by the shoulders. Scully was startled again when she realized that Trudy was the spitting image of Skinner's assistant, Kimberly. "You're Skinner's secretary!" Trudy was staring at her with concern in her eyes. "Miss Dana, are you okay?" Scully shook her head. "I don't know. Please tell me who I am and what's going on?" "Miss Dana, you're engaged to Jeffrey Spender, one of the richest men in the

world. That woman was your sister, Diana Fowly. When your parents died she took your mother's maiden name. Miss Dana, you remember all of that, don't you?" Scully just stared at her, dumbfounded. She didn't believe what she had just heard. Engaged to Jeffrey Spender? Diana Fowly was her sister? Scully's knees felt weak and she turned to the mirror above the fireplace. Sure enough it was her face, but she looked so unlike herself. Trudy was still staring at her so she looked up, resuming a proper lady-like posture. "Yes, Trudy, I do. I'm sorry. I'm just so tired," Scully laughed, putting a hand to her hair. "What day is it today?" "April 12, 1912." Scully nearly fainted again, but quickly regained her composure. She laughed again, "Of course, Trudy. I can handle my own makeup. You go help my sister." She had to force herself to say the word sister. Trudy nodded and left the room. Scully knees were weak and she leaned against the bedpost, ignoring how she was dressed. She closed her eyes and forced herself to put together the picture she had been given. Her name was Dana Scully, she was sister to Diana Fowly and she was engaged to Jeffrey Spender. Her stomach turned at the thought. But where was she? The last thing she remembered she had been on a stakeout with Mulder. Then there were shots and they stormed the house. And she had been shot. Scully looked around her, anxious for some indication where she was. The room was small--like a stateroom. She looked toward the light coming in the windows. The sun was setting on the horizon, creating brilliant colors that seemed to melt into the ocean. She stopped and realized she was looking through portholes. She was on a ship. She shut her eyes and tried to remember the date. April 12, 1912 Scully's eyes snapped open and she felt her stomach drop. The beauty and elegance of her surroundings. The richest people in the world. There was only one place she could be. "No, no, oh God no," she began to chant. She hurried to the closet and tore it open. Dozens and dozens of elegant dresses hung there. She reached to the top and found what she was looking for--a lifejacket. She looked on the ugly and lumpy white cloth and found what she was dreading. A single name written in black. RMS Titanic

Scully's long fiery red hair flew behind her as she ran along A deck through the frosty midnight air, near tears, feeling a sense of release as she plunged ahead along the decks. Scully's beaded red and black dress swirled around her legs, disheveled and ripped. She pushed an elderly first class couple aside as she raced down deck stairs, oblivious to their gasping voices. The ship was so long that it seemed like she was never going to find the end. Whatever it took, she was going to detach herself from this nightmarish reality. She ran toward the stern like lightning, passing fewer and fewer people as she neared the end of the ship. It was a cold night out so everyone was inside. Scully had to get back to her time. She wasn't going to be here when the ship began to sink. This all had to be a dream. There was no other explanation for the presence of everyone from her present life--Spender, Diana. Maybe if she could get into a boat and get off the ship, she would wake up and it all would end. Better yet, if she could jump off the ship, she would be knocked into unconsciousness and would wake up in a hospital room. As Scully passed a seemingly empty bench, a man sat up quickly, startled out of his reverie. He peered curiously at the elegantly dressed woman that had flown past him. She seemed too upper class to be out here on the poop deck. Scully ran into a metal wheel about twenty feet from the stern railing. She stopped, clutching it as though it were a lifeline. Her hair hung disheveled around her face, her breath raspy

and shaken. She shuddered in the cold air, but also in the realization of what she was about to do. Scully regained her breath and slowly went around the wheel, hesitantly walking toward the stern rail. She reached out her hands cautiously, the railing cold and frightening to the touch. Dana looked down into the swirling, black water. It would be quick, she thought. She pulled herself up, using a pole that supported a light. She tentatively stepped on the railing, her dress getting in the way of her shoes. The light illuminated her as she crawled over, finally to where she was hanging on the outside of the rail. She was still facing the ship so she looked ahead of her, checking to see that there was no one. Her legs were facing the wrong direction so Scully turned slowly and carefully, her beaded dress tapping against the rail. Her vision focused on the black, choppy water that would be her grave. She gripped the railing behind her, like a figurehead in reverse. A single tear slid down her cheeks. "Don't do it." Scully's head whirled around. Fox Mulder was standing there, dressed in a flannel jacket and trousers. Scully gasped, her jaw dropping at the sight of her partner. He didn't seem to recognize her. His hand was stretched out to her. His face was hard and firm, but his brow was creased with concern. He looked unkept and completely unlike the Fox Mulder she knew. "Oh, my God..." she breathed, her mouth hanging open. "This isn't real. This can't be real..." "Ma'am, please just give me your hand--" he insisted, but Scully cut him off. "Why are you calling me ma'am? Don't you know who I am?" Scully exclaimed. Mulder shook his head. "Miss, I'm sorry, I don't know you. I just want to help you." Scully was shell-shocked. "You don't know me...?" she breathed. Mulder took a step closer, his hand out to her. "Stay back! I don't know what's going on here. Just don't come any closer!" Scully snapped, but it didn't come out as hard as she intended. Her voice cracked with hesitation and fear. Her eyes were glued to her partner. There was no rational explanation for this. It made no sense. "Just give me your hand. I'll help you back over," he stepped nearer, though hesitantly. "Just go away! You're not real! None of this is real!" Scully cried, turning back to the water, positioning herself as if she was going to follow through, but deep down she wanted to take his hand. He was the person she trusted most in the world. The seriousness of what she was about to do was starting to hit her. She shut her eyes and whispered, "This is all a dream." "You won't jump," his rough voice said. Scully wanted desperately to explain everything, but she realized that he probably wouldn't know what she was talking about. This wasn't the Fox Mulder she knew from 1999. "You don't understand what's going on. I'm not going to commit suicide," was all she said. She shook her head and sighed. A smile crept onto his face. "What else would you do hanging off the back of a ship?" Scully was silent for a few moments and tightened her grip on the rail. "Do you believe in extreme possibilities?" "Yes, I do," he said firmly, taking another step forward. "Then if I told you something fantastic, you'd believe me?" Scully asked. He smiled wider. "Are you kidding? I've seen nothing but incredible stories in my lifetime." "I'm having a dream. This is all an illusion. If I jump off this ship, the dream will end. I'll be back home in my own bed. None of this is real," Scully said slowly, examining him for any sign of disbelief. "But have you considered that if this isn't a dream and you jump, the fall alone would kill you? And even if it doesn't, do you know how cold that water is down there?" Scully looked at him warily. "How cold?" "Freezing, maybe a couple of degrees over," he inched closer. "You have nothing to do with this. Why are you staying? You don't even know who I am." Scully's voice was softening. Something about this situation was intriguing her. He had a point. What if somehow this wasn't a dream?

She could die or be seriously injured. "Yes, I do, miss. If you jump, I'm going to jump in after you. You can't get rid of me. I'm not going anywhere," he reached out his hand again, "So why don't you make this easier on both of us? Come on. You don't want to do this." Scully was floored, but her heart was telling her to take his hand. She realized that there were other ways out of this. Right now she would try to make sense of what was going on. Slowly she reached out and grasped his large hand. He gripped hers with strength and yet tenderness that she had gotten used to from Fox Mulder. Scully turned, carefully watching to see that her high heels didn't trip her dress. She turned and faced her savior. His deep green eyes smiled, as did his full mouth. He gripped her firmly to keep her from falling and let out a breath. "Now that's better. What's your name?" "Scully. Dana Scully." "I'm Fox Mulder. It's nice to meet you, Scully. It's not every day I save a beautiful woman hanging off the back of a ship." Scully's eyes examined his face. This had to be her partner. It was the same name, the same voice, and the same touch. "Thank you, Mulder." His eyes narrowed, but he was still smiling. "How did you know I like to be called by my last name?" Scully smiled. "I just knew." Mulder grinned back. "Let's get you out of here..." he murmured. Scully stepped up, her beaded dress clinging to her legs. She stepped up to the rail. Suddenly, her dress got under her shoe and she slipped, screaming as she fell. Mulder's arms grabbed her, saving her from falling completely down. She screamed as she dangled from the rail, above the churning black ocean. Mulder struggled to hang onto her. "I've got you! I won't let go!" he yelled reassuringly. She looked up, panic-stricken, into his face. He had her by both arms and was struggling to pull her up. "Pull yourself up, Scully! You can do it!" Scully was filled with new strength and she gripped the rail. When she had pulled herself a given distance, Mulder reached out and grabbed her torso, pulling her the rest of the way. Scully wrapped her arms around him and he continued to haul her away from the railing. She was frightened, her face buried in his shirt, afraid to let go lest she should fall. When they had cleared the railing, Mulder collapsed, towing Scully with him. They collapsed in a heap, him on top of her. Scully didn't recall what happened, but she heard yelling from a person with a heavy Irish accent, and she felt Mulder being pulled off of her. "Fetch the Master of Arms!" Within a few minutes, Spender and Diana were there and a blanket was wrapped around her. Mulder was pulled into handcuffs, but didn't say a word. Scully was too shaken up to say much. She simply stared at Spender. It was the same Jeffrey Spender from the FBI, the same deep, gravelly voice. He was in a tux and his hair was slicked back professionally. This had to be a dream. She wrapped her hands around a cup of hot coffee. She looked like a mess. Jeffrey didn't even say two words to her. He immediately started in on Mulder. "Who the hell are you that you could put your hands on MY fiance? You're filth, gutter trash!" Jeffrey was too busy defending his honor and looking like the caring gentleman than to see if Scully was okay. Scully jumped up when Jeffrey grabbed Mulder by his jacket, roughing him up. "Jeff, stop! It was an accident! He's innocent!" She grabbed Jeffrey's arm and pulled him away. "An accident?" Jeffrey looked at her incredulously. "What do you mean an accident? He tried to attack you!" "No, Jeffrey! It was my fault," Scully was thinking fast. Her voice was shaking as her mind whirled. She couldn't let it be known that she tried to jump off a ship, but she couldn't see the man who saved her life, her partner, her best friend arrested. She had to go along with everything until she could figure out what was going on. "I was leaning over to see the propellers because I was curious. You know me. I was leaning too far and I slipped," Scully looked to

Mulder, her cheeks stained with mascara, her hair disheveled. She was pleading to him with her eyes. "Mr. Mulder was kind enough to save me. I screamed and he came running. He saved my life." Mulder looked to her, a smile appearing on his face. They shared a secret. Scully looked to him with pleading eyes to go along with her story. The Master of Arms jerked him. "Was that the way of it?" There was a pause and Scully's eyes were locked on his. "Yeah that was about it," he said finally. Scully let out the breath she had been holding quietly. She smiled as wide as she could muster. "Well, then the gent's a hero then. Good for you!" Colonel Gracie exclaimed. He had accompanied Jeffrey from the first class lounge. Scully turned around and let out an inaudible gasp at seeing Jeffrey's valet. It was the CSM. He was in a suit, with a cigarette in his hand. He was quiet, but everyone knew his presence. She stared at him, unbelieving. What the hell is going on here? Mulder's handcuffs were removed, but he didn't dare touch Scully. Jeffrey smiled at her and rubbed his hands on her shoulders. "We'll get you inside. You must be freezing." "What about Mr. Mulder?" Scully spoke up. She had a desire to just run to him and hug him, but she didn't dare in Jeffrey's presence. If this wasn't a dream she didn't want to complicate anything. It seemed like everything was following her life in 1999. Spender, Diana, and the CSM were hurting her, Mulder had saved her, and now he's an outcast, a 3rd class passenger. It was such an odd parallel. Jeffrey looked at her, "What to do? How to show my gratification? I know," he smiled. He turned to Mulder and looked at him condescendingly, sizing him up. "Perhaps you will join us for dinner tomorrow night. You can regale our group with your heroic tale!" He looked back to Scully, smiling. She just kept her eyes trained on Mulder. Her loyalties were with him, but she was submitting herself to this hypocrisy. "Sure, count me in," he said coldly to Jeffrey. Jeffrey must have obviously noticed it, but didn't say anything, simply turning around and wrapping an arm protectively around Scully. Her eyes were glued to Mulder and his to hers. There was something between them that both recognized but neither could understand. Only when Jeffrey forced her to walk did her eyes turn ahead of her and away from her savior.

Scully was escorted back to her cabin and then she was alone. She sighed as she looked around her stateroom. She was trying to get her bearings--this was 1912, she was on the Titanic, and it was going to sink in 3 days. As she ran her hands over the wood of the fireplace, a chill ran down her spine. The fabric of the couches was soft and velvety. This was real. It felt real. All of these things she had seen today she had only seen in magazines--in 12,000 feet of water covered in rust. Her heart speeded up as she realized the ship was going to sink and 1500 people were going to die. There had to be something she could do. Someone she could warn. Maybe if she could get them to slow the ship down or get them to turn earlier the whole disaster could be prevented. Scully sat down in front of a vanity mirror. Makeup, jewels, and music boxes surrounded her, elegance beyond her comprehension. She looked in the mirror at herself. Her hair was still red, but it was long and wavy, stretching halfway down her back. Her face was done up with heavy makeup, and her sparkling diamond earrings stood out among her clipped hair. A knock at the door startled her. Without giving permission to come in, the door opened. Jeffrey stood there, holding a large velvet box. He was in a robe, obviously ready for bed. Scully hadn't bothered to change. Her heart nearly stopped at seeing him. He was someone she loathed with

all her being and now she was engaged to him. Her face twisted in distaste, but she tried to hide it. Jeffrey smiled a thin smile and walked toward her, closing the door behind him. "I know you've been melancholy. I don't pretend to know why," he said softly, but in an offhanded manner. He stood in beside her, sitting on the vanity.

"Your sister has been telling me that you've had some problems." He opened the box and Scully saw the largest blue diamond she had ever seen. It was at least four inches wide and an inch deep. It was shaped like a heart and had a small row of diamonds outlining it. "I was hoping this would help ease some of the pain." Scully was floored and she looked up at Spender, speechless. He looked at her, smiling at his gift. He pulled it off the velvet base and placed it around her neck. It was heavy and Scully gripped it with her hand, steadying it. She had never seen anything like it before in her life. Spender stood behind her, looking at the two of them in the mirror.

"It's--It's overwhelming," was all that Scully managed to get out. "It's a diamond, the largest in the world. They call it the Heart of the Ocean." He was leaning behind her, his cheek to her cheek without touching. Spender smiled, pleased with himself. She sighed and he knelt down next to her, staring into her eyes. "I wish that you wouldn't turn away from me, Dana. I'm ready to give you the world, and all I ask for is your love and obedience. That's all..." She stared at herself in the mirror. He was the type that would cause pain and then give gifts to make up for it. This was his idea of love. Since she'd been here, she realized their relationship was cold and empty. There was no love. She was only his pretty fiance that would stay by his side and be quiet. If this was where she was stuck now, if she couldn't get back to her time, she didn't want to be with him.

"Tell me about yourself, Mulder," Scully asked as they strolled along the deck the next morning. She was dressed in a yellow silk dress, embroidered with ornate designs. Mulder held a leather book at his side, dressed in steerage garb, looking completely out of place next to the elegantly dressed Scully. "Well, my parents died in a fire in Maryland when I was younger. The one thing that's kept me going is my sister." "She's with you on this ship?" Scully's carefully unkept hair was blowing in her face and she had to squint against the sun as she looked at Mulder. Mulder's eyes turned sad, "No, she disappeared when I was only 10 and I've been looking for her ever since our parents died." Scully's heart leapt when she heard that. In 1999, Mulder's sister was missing--another odd parallel. "I'm so sorry, Mulder. I know more about how that feels than you think." Mulder looked at her, surprised. He was clearly enamoured with her. There was something about her that seemed so right, so familiar. Scully broke the silence. "I-I wanted to thank you for what you did. Not just for pulling me back over the rail, but for your discretion," Scully stuttered. This was hard for her. Mulder was her best friend back in her time and now she had to get to know him all over again in 1912. Mulder looked back at her with an equal amount of amazement, "You're welcome, Scully." Scully pursed her lips, frustrated at the questions hanging in the air between them. "Look," she blurted, "I know what you must be thinking. Why would someone who was as wealthy and prominent as me want to jump off a moving ship? When I told you about extreme possibilities, you thought I was nuts, right?" Mulder laughed and gripped a funnel cable, leaning into it. "Actually, no. You'd be amazed at the things I've seen. There's always a way out of anything, Scully," Mulder said, smiling reassuringly at her. "Only

jumping off a ship isn't an option." Scully smiled, "I think it's odd that you call me by my last name. In this time it isn't allowed for a lady, is it?" Mulder's eyes narrowed as he had another sense of her familiarity, "For some reason I thought you wouldn't mind. I just had a feeling..." he trailed off. They couldn't take their eyes off each other. "I don't mind! You don't have to be afraid to tell me anything," Scully exclaimed, trying to realize that this was the same Mulder but in a different time. He was 3rd class and it was scandalous for him to even talk with a 1st class passenger, let alone a woman. She looked down at her hands. "I just--I just feel like I'm somewhere I don't belong--in more ways than one." They had stopped walking and were standing at the railing, looking out to the endless horizon. It was in the middle afternoon already because Scully had spent all morning searching for him. The sun was beginning to set. Mulder was beside her, their arms touching. "You don't seem to me like a typical 1st class woman. You seem much more spirited than the rest." Scully smiled coyly, the irony hitting her. "You have no idea. I'm in a relationship I don't want to be in." She held out her hand to reveal a huge, sparkling diamond ring. "My engagement ring. The wedding is supposedly next month in New York." "Supposedly?" Mulder asked, taken aback. Scully realized what she had just said and then clamped her mouth shut. "I'm just caught in something I don't want to be in." The double meanings to her words were hitting her hard. She didn't want to be in this dream and she didn't want to be trapped in her engagement to Spender. "Then don't be in it," Mulder stated simply. Scully looked up at him. "It's not that easy," Scully replied, looking out to the ocean. Mulder's breath was near her face and Scully's heart was jumping. They had been this close in her time, but now it was different. She looked up at him and their eyes locked once again. It was so incredibly strange--she knew what was going on and he didn't. She knew who he was and he had just met her the previous night. Yet there was a strong shared attraction and she believed deep down he knew there was something more between them. "Tell me about this book," Scully asked, quickly changing the subject. As with her time, their attraction could never be consummated. They would always stay just friends. She slowly took the leather book from his arms and opened it, flipping through his sketches. She walked past him and sat on a deck chair. Mulder smiled after her. "I'm an artist. I sketch portraits for a dime a piece everywhere I go." "A dime?" Scully smiled as she looked though the papers, which she had to hold down to keep from being blown away by the wind. They were various drawings of every kind of person, from small children playing to elderly women sitting at restaurants. "You're being cheated. Mulder, this is exquisite work." Mulder chuckled and sat down beside her, "Oh, they didn't think too much of them in old Paree'. But in Santa Monica sometimes I could make a dollar a day. I guess people in America are much more vain." Scully looked up at him, "Paris? Santa Monica? You have gotten around. I'm impressed." "I use the travel to search for my sister. I've been all over the world," Mulder put his elbows on his legs, looking out over the rail. Scully flipped some pages and came upon the first in the series of nude drawings of women, of all different races and sizes. "Well, well, well, Mulder. You do get around." Scully was almost laughing. "But they are wonderful drawings." She chuckled to herself realizing this was the 1912 manifestation of his 1999 pornography fascination. The idea of Mulder drawing nude women made her blush and laugh at the same time. "Every race, every culture. It gives a perspective that someone with money and security can't possibly comprehend. You begin to see people, to really see their true soul," Mulder looked back to Scully. "I see you." Scully cocked her head,

intrigued. "And what do you see, Mr. Mulder?" she said formally, but teasingly. Mulder gave her a little smile. "That you don't belong here."

The sun was setting over the endless horizon. The magnificent display of colors was lost to Scully and Mulder, who stood at the deck rail, talking and laughing, absorbed in one another, as they had been for the whole day. "Why can't I be like you, Mulder? Just head out for the horizon whenever I feel like it." Scully flung a hand in the direction of the ocean, frustrated and intrigued at the same time. "All the things you can do, all the places you can go--without any authority figure telling you how to live your life. It's amazing," Scully shook her head. It was just like the Mulder she knew. He never took orders. "I've always wanted to explore the world," her eyes fell to the swirling ocean below her. "Hey, Scully, don't worry. You'll get your chance. We'll go the Santa Monica pier. The roller coaster there is amazing. Then we'll ride horses, right in the surf!" Scully was laughing, "We'll drink cheap beer, don't forget that!" "Dana!" a loud and angry female voice said behind her. Scully and Mulder whirled around to see Diana standing there, looking perfectly made up as usual. She was with a group of ladies, most of whom Scully didn't recognize. But one stuck out, a large lady with brown hair. It was clearly Molly Brown. Diana was not happy with her younger sister consorting with steerage trash. "Will you introduce your," she looked him over condescendingly, "guest." Scully couldn't keep a glare off her face at Diana's attitude. "May I introduce Fox Mulder," she kept her tone casual and slightly cheerful. She knew how Diana felt about Mulder in the present day, and she wasn't going to let it happen again. The ladies with her, as she found out, were the Countess of Rothes, Molly Brown, and Madeline Astor. They were gracious and curious about him, delighted with his bravery of her rescue. Diana looked at him coldly and silently. Suddenly a loud trumpet could be heard all over the ship. Scully was confused about what it meant and she didn't move. "Why do they insist on announcing dinner like a damn cattle recharge?" Molly laughed, trying to keep the mood light. Scully and Mulder laughed. Diana reached forward and lightly grabbed Scully's arm, taking her with her. "See you at dinner, Mr. Mulder," Scully said as Diana hustled her down the deck. "Come along, Dana. We have to dress," Diana snapped, dragging her along. Scully looked back and saw Mulder talking with Molly Brown, arms spread wide. She shrugged and took his arm and they walked the other way together.

The dress was itching her badly. It was a black transparent dress covered in diamond and bead embroidery. The sleeves were short, only coming to the middle of her upper arms, but, with all period dresses, her cleavage was being pushed out the top. It had a long train, which she allowed to flow behind her. Trudy had put her hair up with a long comb-like clip studded with diamonds. Small tendrils hung down, only slightly covering the diamond earrings. The white gloves were long and silky. Diana had gone before her with Spender down to dinner. She was following behind them, desperate to separate herself. She didn't want to have anything to do with them if she didn't have to. Scully stepped into the foyer of the Grand Staircase. She had seen it countless times in books, but nothing compared to seeing it for real. It was exquisite. The glass dome was lit up

brilliantly, highlighting the dark cherry wood. She stepped down the first flight and stood on the landing. A man at the bottom caught her eye. Diana and Spender passed him without so much as a nod, and he was left standing there with his hand out, looking foolish and out of place. He turned and Scully's heart leapt. It was Mulder. He was dressed to the nines in a dinner tux. She didn't know where he had gotten it and she didn't care. A smile crept on his face as he saw her. His eyes were bright and excited, but he kept his composure. Scully slowly stepped down the stairs, mindful of her train. Mulder stood at the bottom, watching her. She stopped on the last step in front of him. Without a word, she raised her hand. Mulder took it and kissed it, then a smile broke on his face and he chuckled. "I saw that in a Nickelodeon once and I always wanted to do it." Scully laughed, still taking in the sight. She was having too much fun with this. Mulder raised his arm to her and she wrapped hers around his, stepping down to his level. Their eyes were locked and they were both smiling. They made their way to where Spender and Diana were talking to the Count and Countess. Scully reluctantly reached out a hand. "Darling," it made her sick to say it, "you remember Fox Mulder." Spender and Diana turned around and stopped, startled. Spender smiled while Diana remained cold. "Why, Mulder, you could almost pass for a gentleman." Mulder gritted his teeth. "Almost." "Amazing," Spender smiled and Diana took his arm. They walked ahead of them to the stairs. Scully shook her head and looked to Mulder, who simply smiled back. They continued behind Spender and Diana, nodding to everyone formally. They walked down the stairs to the D-deck landing where dinner was being served in the 1st class dining room. Ladies and gentleman milled around them, dressed in the finest clothing in the world, wearing the rarest jewels. Soft but cheerful violin music played around them as they walked through the double glass doors to the dining area. The band sat on a platform off to the side. Mulder and Scully stopped and chatted with people that Scully identified through photos she had seen in books. She introduced Mulder to them and they accepted him graciously. They all knew who she was and complimented her for landing such a wonderful husband. Scully had to bite her tongue to stop a nasty comment about Spender. Mulder beside her was just smiling as they walked arm-in-arm through the magnificence around them. Scully couldn't help but smile--she and Mulder pretending to be aristocrats. Mulder must have been as nervous as she was, but he never faltered. He was a born charmer, kissing the ladies hands and nodding to the gentleman. They just assumed he was an heir to a railroad fortune or the son of a steel giant. They treated him with respect as one of their own. As they sat down, Scully noticed the person sitting on her left. She was taken aback and nearly fell over. Walter Skinner sat beside her, wearing a tuxedo like the rest of the men. He didn't notice her because he was engrossed in a notebook he was writing in. Spender's hand tightened on her arm. "Dana, are you okay?" Spender whispered in her ear. Scully nodded and tore her eyes from her FBI superior long enough to get herself seated. Scully was placed next to her fiance while Mulder was at the opposite side of the table next to Molly Brown. Spender pushed her seat in and sat down himself. Mulder smiled at her and Scully returned it. They were like a couple of kids among adults. They both recognized the ridiculousness of it all. Diana continued to look at Mulder in disdain. The first course was served and the champagne flowed like water. Caviar came around the table, but Mulder refused it. She silently cursed Mulder for making her want to laugh around such seriousness. "So how are the accommodations in steerage, Mr. Mulder? I hear they're quite good on this ship," Diana said as she daintily put a cracker with caviar in her mouth. Scully's glare

shot to her, but Diana ignored it. Mulder simply stared for a moment and then replied, "The best I've seen, ma'am. Hardly any rats." A laugh rose from the table. Scully let out the breath she'd been holding. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all. "Mr. Mulder is joining us from the 3rd class this evening," Spender explained. "He was of some assistance to my fiance last night." Scully didn't want the subject to come up so she quickly brought up another. "It seems that Mr. Mulder is quite a fine artist. He was kind enough to show me some of his work today." She was slowly getting used to acting in this Edwardian society. Impeccable manners were all that was required. "Where do you live, Mr. Mulder?" Diana was beginning to grill him. "Well, right now my address is the RMS Titanic, but after that I'm on God's good humor," Mulder replied. The salad was served at that moment, but instead of eating Diana continued to attempt to tear him down. "And you find that sort of rootless existence appealing, do you?" her voice was cold. But Mulder was ready for her. "Well, yes ma'am I do. I like not knowing what I'm going to do when I wake up in the morning or who I'm going to meet. Life is full of impossibilities and adventurous experiences. You just have to learn to take advantage of them. Last week I was sleeping under a bridge and now here I am on the grandest ship in the world having champagne with you fine people!" The entire table laughed and he continued after he had had a sip. "I figure life's a gift and I don't intend on wasting it. You never know what hand you're going to get dealt next. You have to make each day count." Molly Brown raised her glass in a salute. "Well said, Fox." "Here, here!" Colonel Gracie exclaimed from the other end of the round table. Scully raised her glass, beaming from ear to ear. "To making it count." Everyone raised his or her glass gladly. "To making it count!" Scully and Mulder's eyes met and they smiled. They were communicating on a level that was not obvious to anyone else there--except for maybe Diana. "So, Thomas, how long are you going to write in that little notebook? You've already made the grandest ship in the world," Bruce Ismay said, sipping from his glass. Scully narrowed her eyes and suddenly realized that Bruce Ismay heavily resembled Alex Krycek except for a dark mustache and darker hair. All eyes turned to the man beside her--Walter Skinner. Scully stared at him in wonder. In this dream or fantasy or whatever it was, he was Thomas Andrews, the ship's builder. Skinner smiled. "Everything must be perfect for the White Star Line." Ismay chuckled from the other side of the table. "Thomas knows every rivet in her, don't you, Thomas?" Skinner laughed. "All three million of them!" A while later, the conversation had changed rapidly from subject to subject, politics to gossip, clothing to business. During all of it, Scully kept silent, unsure of what to say when she was so grossly out of place. Mulder offered his opinion on occasion, but other than that they spent most of the dinner looking at one another. After Molly had finished telling a particularly hilarious story about her husband, the men stood up. "Join me in a brandy, gentleman?" Colonel Gracie asked. In response, several men stood up, leaning down to the ladies, pushing in their chairs. Mulder stood up as well. "Will you join us, Mulder? You certainly don't want to stay out here with the women, do you?" John Jacob Astor asked him, taking his hand to shake it. Mulder looked to Scully. "No, thanks. I've got to be heading back." Spender came up to him and took his hand, gripping it a little too tightly. "It's best. It will be all business and politics. That sort of thing--it wouldn't interest you." He smiled and headed off. Mulder stared after him, a hard look on his face. He turned to Scully, who was still sitting. She looked up at him hopefully. He was the only salvation in this den of thieves. "Mulder, must you go?" Mulder smiled, "Time for me to go row with the other slaves." He leaned down

and took her hand again, kissing it. He shoved something into her hand. "Goodnight, Scully," he nearly whispered. Scully smiled and her eyes stayed on him as he walked in between the tables, meandering to the stairs. She felt Diana's eyes searing into her back, but she didn't care. Scully opened her hand and found a small piece of paper in it. Looking around her to see if anyone else was looking, she opened it and saw written on it: "Make it count. Meet me at the clock."

Scully stood at the base of the Grand Staircase. There was soft conversation around her and the violin music had stopped. She spotted Mulder at the landing, staring up at the great clock as if softly struck the hour. She took a deep breath and went up the sweeping staircase. As she approached, Mulder turned around, a smile on his face. "So, you want to go to a real party?"

The third class general room was alive with raucous Irish music. Laughter surrounded her as Scully sat at a small table, a large glass of beer in front of her. Dancing coupled swung around her, oblivious to any danger that awaited them. There was brawling, smoking, drinking, and an incredible sense of happiness around her. Scully lifted the glass of beer and took a long swig. She set it down and clapped with the lively band. Scully glanced at them and started. There, playing bagpipes and other Irish instruments, were the Lone Gunman. The three of them were dressed in dirty steerage clothes, but their faces were unmistakable. The rowdiness around her was making her laugh as she watched Mulder dancing with a young girl of about 8. The music ended and he leaned down to her. "I'm going to dance with her now, alright?" Mulder held out his hand to her and Scully froze. "What?" She remembered the Cher concert in her time--when he had taken her into his arms. She had been terrified, but when he had looked at her in that club, she knew there was something between them. Scully suddenly realized that this whole experience was giving her a chance to explore her feelings. Maybe that was the point. "Come on!" Mulder was laughing and he finally reached over and pulled her up beside him. "Come with me!" Scully's heart was accelerating so much she thought it might leap off her chest. She raised her eyes to his, slightly sheepish. "But I don't know the steps!" Mulder was laughing as he slid his arm around her waist and he took her other hand in his. Their eyes met again and an electrifying energy passed between them. "Neither do I, Scully! Just go with it!" The music started and they took off. Scully was never much of a dancer and it was hard for her, but she began to move with his rhythm. "Mulder, this is nuts!" she yelled, but she was squealing in glee. "I know! Just don't think!" They spun around the room, weaving in and out of couples, dancing faster and faster. He tightened their embrace as they shifted direction. She was half-heartedly yelling at him to stop, but he ignored her, forcing her to get into it. Scully's hair was falling out of its clip, spilling around her face and clinging to the sweat on her forehead. But Mulder didn't seem to care. They just kept going. Mulder pulled away and Scully was momentarily disappointed, but he grabbed her hand and pulled her with him. They climbed some stairs and found themselves on a platform. Scully looked around her, but then back to Mulder. Mulder slicked back his hair and began to move in a jig, his dinner shoes clicking like tap shoes against the hard wooden floor. He stopped and looked at her, a cocky

smile on his face. In response, Scully threw off her high heels. Fox Mulder was not going to outdo her. She began to move her stocking feet similarly, eliciting claps and cheers from the 3rd class dancers who had never seen someone from the 1st class party with them before. She looked up at Mulder, challenging him. He immediately began to jig, except faster and with twirls. Scully started in right after him, outdoing him with more twirls and more fancy footwork. Mulder clapped and laughed as Scully danced before him. She stopped and he grabbed her hands, twirling her around with him at arm's length. Their hands were tightly holding one another's, for if they let go they could tumble off the platform. Feet together, they twirled, looking like a spinning bowl. Scully was on an emotional high. She was dancing wildly with Fox Mulder, the man she cared for, trusted, and respected the most in the world. It was completely free and unconfined, allowing her emotions to pour out as she wished. Laughing and squealing with joy, Scully collapsed laughing into his arms, landing so that it seemed they were in a dip. He stood over her, sweating and laughing. Their eyes locked again as they stood in this precarious position, so close they could-- But someone grabbed his arm and pulled him along. Mulder grabbed her hand and brought her with him. They were line dancing, weaving their way around the crowd, through it, with it. Scully was giggling and laughing like a little girl, her hair flying wildly around her, her dress stained and covered in sweat. Mulder looked back at her as the line grew in length. It seemed to be slow motion as they laughed and moved hand-in-hand through the large room. No one noticed the CSM, Spender's valet, watching them from the stairs to the deck, his eyes narrowing and his grip tightening angrily on the railing.

Scully sat silently at the breakfast table on their private Promenade Deck. Spender was across from her, chewing his food slowly, like he was trying to calm himself down. She stirred her tea and looked up slowly at him. He was truly angry--his eyes were as red as her robe. "You must've been extremely tired last night, Dana," Spender said, his voice low and accusing. Scully looked up at him and realized that he knew about the party the previous night. No doubt he found out from the CSM. Scully shook her head. Even in 1912 he was a scoundrel. Spender was furious. "You will never behave like that again, Dana. Do I make myself clear?" Scully set down the cup and stared at him right in the eyes. She was not going to be pushed around by a man--she didn't care if it was the early twentieth century values. It wasn't fair and she wasn't going to take it. "I'm not a foreman in one of your mills that you can command. I'm a free woman with a mind of my own. I will do what I please and if I doesn't please you than you can go to hell," Scully's voice was hard and just as angry as his was. Spender's eyes widened. That a woman--let alone his fiance--would talk to him like that was incomprehensible. He quickly stood up, and with an angry heave threw the table away from between them, causing it to crash to the floor, scattering plates and dishes and silverware all over the deck. "You will never talk to me like that again, Dana!" he roared, causing her to shrink back. He leaned in, towering over her sitting form. "If you ever dare raise your voice to me or make another disobedient comment like that again, you will deeply regret it." His voice became low and vicious. "Because I will not be made a fool out of, Dana. Not by you or anyone." With a glare he whipped around and stalked off the deck.

Scully was as silent as a stone in the first class dining room. Smaller tables had been set up for morning tea and women and children drinking and gossiping surrounded her. She sat at a table with Diana and two other women, the Countess of Rothes and Lady Duff Gordon. Diana was discussing the upcoming wedding, cutting down Scully without giving her a chance to respond. She had done worse earlier in the day--ordering Scully to stay away from Mulder. Scully had responded by walking out of the room. "And then there's the bridesmaids gowns. Let me tell you what an odyssey that has been! Dana can't decide what color she wants, but she's leaning toward colors that I absolutely detest!" Diana sighed, sipping her tea. Scully was fuming, her face cold and emotionless. People didn't change; this experience was proof of it. Diana and Spender were just as demoralized and wicked as they were in 1999. They were working together to trap Scully into an engagement that she didn't want. She didn't love Spender. She detested him. From what she had gathered, Diana had taken over as her guardian when their parents had died in 1910 and she had the power to force her into this marriage. Scully couldn't figure out why she just didn't marry him herself. She looked over to the other table and saw Captain Smith and Bruce Ismay conversing intensely. Scully's heart leapt. The Titanic was going to sink tonight. This was her last chance if she was going to try and stop it. "Excuse me, ladies," Scully smiled politely and stood up. She was wearing a long blue velvet dress coat over a white dress with a beaded bodice. It was cumbersome and heavy, so trying to move gracefully was a problem. "But, Dana, you haven't finished your tea!" Diana objected in a highly annoyed tone. Scully smiled sweetly down to her, but her eyes were daggers. "I'm sorry, but I must talk with someone," Scully replied tightly. She walked across the room and up to the Captain and the owner of the White Star Line. They looked up and smiled, standing up for the lady. She smiled and nodded her head respectfully. "Miss Scully, to what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?" the Captain said, his voice gruff, but friendly. "Sir, I couldn't help overhearing that you want to light the last four boilers," Scully began, realizing that she was going to sound strange. The two men exchanged a glance and smiled at her, slightly condescending. "And why would a lady concern herself with such mechanical matters?" Bruce Ismay replied. "Because this ship is going through an ice field and if you light the last four boilers it will be going too fast. There's a strong possibility you could hit an iceberg and damage the ship," Scully explained slowly, trying to sound intellectual. The Captain laughed and took her gloved hand. "My lady, you have nothing to worry about. This ship is built for speed and safety. There is no danger of the Titanic sinking!" Bruce Ismay laughed as well. "The Titanic sink? Why, this is a truly unsinkable ship! It's preposterous!" The two men continued to chuckle while Scully's face turned red. She had forgotten that a woman's opinion meant nothing. They were not educated and not even allowed to vote yet. They probably thought she was talking crazy, that she was a hyperactive woman. "Miss Scully, I can promise you that you have nothing to worry about. This ship is as sound as a steel building. May I escort you somewhere?" Captain Smith offered his arm. Scully smiled and shook her head. "No thank you, Captain. I can take care of myself." She turned on her heel and stalked up the D-Deck Grand Staircase. This society was so backwards--no one would believe a woman. She thought of Mulder. He would believe her. Then Scully shook her head. This was not the same Fox Mulder who worked at the FBI, who worked on the X-Files, who believed in time travel and alternate

universes. She had to forget about him and try to find some other way to stop the ship. Her heart accelerated when she thought of him. They had shared something special the past two days--especially last night, when they had kicked off their shoes and danced until the wee hours of the morning. They had come within inches of kissing. She shook her head again as she climbed the Grand Staircase. She stopped and looked at the great clock, which depicted honor and glory. It softly struck 11:00 AM. Tears formed in her eyes as she looked at the splendor and wealth around her. In less than 12 hours all of it would be at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, in 12,000 feet of water, rusting for eternity. Scully saw innocent people milling around, completely ignorant of their fate. From her place on the landing, she could see the greatest feature of the ship--the Grand Staircase and the A-Deck landing. It was ornately designed and extremely beautiful. She had only seen it in pictures, but they didn't do it justice. Scully's eyes went up to the incredible glass dome. Water would come crashing through it as the ship took its final plunge. She lowered her head and continued up the stairs to the boat deck entrance. A steward opened the door for her, nodding respectfully. The warm sea air hit her instantly, refreshing her and evaporating the tears that had fallen on her cheeks. Gulls flew overhead. Many people were milling on the deck, strolling or lounging in deck chairs. A hand touched her arm and she whirled around. Mulder was standing there, dressing in a top hat and a long black overcoat. Something told her they weren't his, but she didn't care. He took her arm and pulled her with him into the gymnasium. Their eyes darted around to make sure no one was around--especially Spender, Diana, or the CSM. She didn't need another explosion by any of them. Just looking at him made her heart sink. Mulder was a third class male. He had basically a zero chance of survival. She couldn't be distracted with him anyway. Her priorities were with trying to save the ship. She had to somehow stop this ship from sinking. 1500 lives were on the line. She shook her head and started past him out of the room. "Mulder, I can't see you. It's just impossible." "Wait, Scully, please just listen--" Mulder pleaded, trying to stop her. He grabbed her arm and she turned, being pressed against the wall, trapped. He took a deep breath, trying to find the right words. "You're the most wonderful woman I've ever met, Scully. You have this strength, this fire, that I can't resist. Ever since I met you, I knew there was something different about you, but I couldn't put a finger on it. You're not like them, Scully, and you're letting them take advantage of you." Scully was floored. Fox Mulder was telling her this. Her jaw hung open and she was stunned into silence. He sighed and his eyes locked with hers again, probing them for any sign of reciprocation. "Mulder," she began, choosing her words carefully, "I can't deny that I care for you, but it's just impossible for us to be together." She was not only talking with the Mulder from 1912, but also the Mulder from 1999. "I will always care for you deeply, but with our jobs we just can't do it. It wouldn't be right." Mulder was slightly taken aback. "What does our jobs have to do with anything?" Scully shook her head, flinging her arm, "Never mind about that, but you know what I mean, Mulder. It's just not in our best interests. It's not up to you to save me, Mulder. It's never been." Mulder leaned down, his hand touching her cheek softly. Scully's heart began to beat faster. "I don't care about our best interests. I'm not going to deny my feelings anymore. I don't care if I have to go to the ends of the earth to get you, Scully..." Scully was weak, her knees buckling beneath her. Mulder HAD gone to the ends of the Earth for her. She couldn't resist him--she never could. He was such a large part of her life, but at the moment there were more important things she had to do--like save the lives of 1500 people.

"I don't care about Jeffrey Spender or your sister," Mulder said. "I know I have nothing to offer you--I don't own anything, I don't have any money. I can only give you my heart, Scully, if you'll let me." Scully pushed his hand from her face, fighting temptation. "It's not them, Mulder. It's something more important. If I told you, you wouldn't believe me." Mulder took a step back, allowing her to breathe. "Why can't you be honest with me?" Scully squeezed her eyes shut. "I was afraid of this. I'm sorry, Mulder, but all I can give you is my word. I just can't be with you now, not like this. I'm sorry." She turned and walked out of the room back onto the deck, leaving Mulder frustrated in her wake.

Lunchtime was in the late afternoon. It was in a large sunroom off the boat deck with large bay windows. Scully between Diana and Jeffrey, both of them keeping their eyes on her like hawks. They didn't want her out of their sight for the rest of the day. Various famous history figures sat with them at the large center table--Thomas Andrews, Bruce Ismay, and Molly Brown. They were chatting and talking about the ship. "Who thought of the name Titanic? Was is you, Bruce?" Molly asked, laughing. "Why, yes, actually," Bruce Ismay smiled and nodded his head. "I wanted to convey size, stability, luxury, and above all, strength." "You have a fantastic ship, Mr. Andrews," Diana smiled, sipping her tea. Skinner smiled and blushed slightly. In this parallel world, he was slightly shy and very modest. "I may have knocked her together, but the idea was Mr. Ismay's. He envisioned a ship so grand in scale and so luxurious in its appointments that its supremacy would never be challenged. And here she is," Skinner said, patting the table. Scully had been forced to sit quietly and properly, but her mind was reeling. These people were so wrapped up in what they could do that they didn't consider any possibilities--like if the ship sank. They patted themselves on the back and selfishly assumed that everything was going to be okay. "Mr. Andrews, I noticed that there were few lifeboats on this ship. I did the sum in my head and there are not enough for everyone aboard," Scully spoke up in a strong challenging voice. All heads turned to her. "Why, yes, Dana. You miss nothing do you?" Skinner smiled. "I actually put in a new type of davit that would take another row of boats, doubling the amount. But some thought that the deck would look too cluttered," his voice was slightly upset. "This ship doesn't need more boats," Jeffrey spoke up. "It's a waste of deck space as it is." "Nothing is a waste of deck space when it could save lives," Scully replied fiercely. Spender's angry look trained on her, telling her silently to not speak any further. "Sweet pea, you're not making any sense. This is an unsinkable ship!" He turned to everyone else and let out a laugh. "I apologize for my fiance. She doesn't know about such matters. She doesn't think before she speaks." Scully's glare shot to him. He looked at her, his eyes angry that she had spoken up about such a "stupid" observation. She narrowed her eyes. How could she have blown off Mulder and instead stayed with these egotistical hypocrites? What was she thinking? "Have you ever thought that nothing is exempt from the hand of God?" Scully snapped, her voice rising, "That this ship could sink and that because of your ignorance hundreds of people could die? None of you are gods. You don't have the control you think you do." The entire table was in a shocked silence. Scully quickly got up from the table and stalked out of the lounge. She was going to leave this life behind and find Mulder. He was the one person who truly cared about her. Now she knew where her priorities were.

The sun was setting slowly on the horizon, lighting the sky on fire with brilliant shades of pink and orange. Scully's white and gold shawl was flapping in the wind as she hurried along the deck to find Mulder. Dinner was going to start soon and when she didn't show up they might finally realize she was leaving for good. Scully stopped at the A-deck stairs on the boat deck and looked out to the front of the ship. A small figure stood at the bow, leaning against the railing, deep in thought. Scully took a deep breath and slowly walked down the stairs and up to the bow. As she approached she confirmed that it was Mulder. He was silent, looking down into the water, obviously upset. "Hello, Mulder." Mulder whirled around and saw her. Immediately a smile broke on his face. He was relieved to see her. Scully was so open and free. Her hair was blowing wildly about her face, her cheeks were red with the chill wind, and eyes were sparkling. "I changed my mind," she said, smiling back. Mulder straightened up and continued to gaze at her, silent. "I've realized that—" she started. "Shh," he put a finger to his lips. Scully closed her mouth and gave him a puzzled look. He held out his hand to her. "Give me your hand." Scully stepped toward him slowly, reaching out her hand to take his. Mulder's eyes were locked with hers. They couldn't tear them away. He placed a hand on her waist and leaned in close to her face. "Close your eyes, Scully." She did and he turned her to face forward, the way the ship was going. He pressed her gently to the rail, standing right behind her. "Step up." She lifted her feet and placed them on the rail as Mulder helped to boost her up. "Hold onto the rail. Keep your eyes closed," he warned teasingly. "Don't peek." "I'm not," Scully replied, a confused and curious smile on her face. Mulder got up behind her, his feet next to hers, keeping her firmly in place so she wouldn't fall. Then he took her two hands and raised them until she was standing with her arms outstretched on either side--like wings. Scully was smiling, going along with him. "Do you trust me?" Mulder asked softly. "I trust you," Scully replied without hesitation. She trusted him with her life. He placed his hands on her waist to steady her. "Now open your eyes," Mulder whispered into her ear. Scully opened them and gasped. There was nothing but water ahead of her. She and Mulder were soaring, as if there were no ship under them. The sun setting in the distance gave off brilliant colors of pink and orange, creating a truly surreal scene. Scully was convinced this was a dream. Real life was not this electrifying. There was only wind through their hair, lifting her up and into the sky like a bird--free and exalted. "Mulder, I'm flying!" she gasped. She leaned forward and arched her back, closing her eyes. It was exhilarating, floating above the ocean into heaven. And it was just the two of them. No one or no event in the world could interfere with this moment. For those few minutes, Scully didn't care if the Titanic sank. She was with Mulder and she was letting go of her whole life--all of her troubles and tragedies. They were dissolving away into this paradise with only the two of them. Scully closed her eyes and leaned back, her back pressing against Mulder's chest. "Joy to the world, to all the boys and girls. Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea, Joy to you and me..." he softly sang in her ear, a huge beaming smile on his face. Scully laughed softly, remembering when she sang that to Mulder one night in a forest. Her eyes were glued to the eternal ocean before her. This was a feeling she had never experienced before--and she was with Mulder. She was lifted forward on a magical journey. Exhilaration coursed through her body, causing

her to shudder. Mulder's body was pressed tightly against hers to steady her. Never in six years had they been this intimate. He raised his arms so they were outstretched behind hers. His hands met hers, their fingertips gently touching and then they intertwined. Scully's heart was racing as their fingers caressed each other's. Mulder tipped his face forward into her blowing hair, drowning himself in her. His cheek touched her ear. Scully turned her head around until their lips were inches away. She lowered their entwined arms and turned further into him. Their eyes met and Scully was sure this was right. After six years, they both deserved this. They couldn't deny their feelings any longer. It was inevitable. They both leaned in to each other, their lips meeting gently, tenuously. Scully went limp, surrendering herself to him for the first time in six years. Mulder's lips set her soul on her fire, lifting her up farther than the wind ever could. Their first kiss was slow, but the passion was building until they were completely absorbed in one another and nothing could have torn them apart. Mulder and the ship seemed to merge into one force of power and optimism, lifting her, soaring onward into a night without fear.

***** Scully opened the door to her and Diana's suite, glancing around her to make sure the CSM wasn't around. He reported everything to Spender and knew he had been assigned to watch her. She could only imagine Spender's rage at her outburst at lunch, but she was only coming back to the suite for one reason. It didn't matter to her if she never saw him again. Mulder looked around the exquisite room, amazed at wealth beyond his comprehension. Scully hustled around, lighting lamps and candles. "How much light do you need?" she asked. Mulder turned around, confused. "What?" "Don't artists need good light?" Scully asked, piling some pillows on the small divan that was sitting in the center of the room. Mulder smiled, "Zat is true, but I'm not used to working in such horrible conditions!" he said in a heavy fake Italian accent. Scully laughed and went into Spender's bedroom. A large safe stood in the closet. She began to work at the combination, trying to remember it from when she saw Spender put the Heart of the Ocean back in its case two nights ago. Mulder stood behind her, watching in fascination. Scully finally cracked the safe open and took out a large velvet case. She opened it and grabbed the huge blue diamond, discarding the box. Mulder whistled as she held it up to him. "Wow, Scully, that's some rock!" he breathed, examining it in the light. "It's a diamond, a very rare diamond from what I understand," Scully explained. She looked to Mulder and then back at the Heart of the Ocean. "Mulder, I want you to draw me like one of your French girls. Wearing this." "Alright." "Wearing ONLY this." Mulder's gaze turned sharply to her, his eyes wide with shock.

***** Scully had disappeared into her bedroom while Mulder arranged the couch. He piled several pillows and dragged it to the middle of the room, into the better light. His leather sketchbook and tools were lying on a table. He spread out the cloth holder and removed a thin piece of lead. As he was scraping it for precision, the door to Scully's bedroom opened. She was standing there in a gold and black kimono robe, holding her hands modestly over her breasts. The butterfly clips holding her hair had been removed, allowing it to fall freely down her back. A serious and determined look was on her face as she leaned against the doorway. Mulder was speechless, simply staring at her. Scully took a deep breath. This was the moment of truth. She was going to reveal herself completely to Mulder, bear her deepest emotions. For a long time this was incomprehensible, but

today everything had changed. She was ready now, and she truly believed if anyone could capture her soul on paper, it was Mulder. He knew her better than anyone else in the world--in this world and in 1999. In every world where they were together, he would be her true soulmate. "The last thing I need is a picture of me looking like a porcelain doll," Scully smiled coyly and stepped closer, the light illuminating her features even more. "And as a paying customer," she tossed a dime into his lap, eliciting a grin from him, "I expect to get what I want." Scully stepped back and took a deep breath, her heart pounding mercilessly. She slowly and carefully removed the robe, allowing it to fall off of her body and onto the floor. It was done. There was no turning back now. Mulder was so stricken Scully had to suppress laughter. She had never seen him this nervous and jumpy before. He shrunk in his seat, speechless, eyes wide. Scully was silent, allowing him to take it all in. She had taken the first step and now he had to take the other. He took a deep breath and pointed with a shaking hand to the divan. "Over on the bed--err, the couch." Scully tried to suppress a smile, but it didn't work. She slowly sat on the sofa, spreading herself out like a cat. She lay partly on her side, facing him. One hand was over her head and the other flopped beside her face onto a pillow. "Bring your leg up just a little bit," Mulder directed, his artist mode kicking in. "Turn just a little bit more towards me." Scully adjusted herself to his instructions, tilting her head down slightly. Mulder took a deep, nervous breath and brought the sketchbook up closer to him. Though he was shaking, he began to draw with confident strokes. He drew her arms, shading darkly between her head and her upper arm. Mulder simply drew as it came to him, shading and lightening, brushing the lead across the paper and using his finger to darken areas. Her fingers were long and delicate, lying still against the throw pillow her head rested on. The Heart of the Ocean lay on her chest, the dark blue appearing almost black in the light of the lamp. Her nakedness only accentuated her vulnerability, as it showed her chest moving up and down slowly with each breath, giving her life. Her legs were pressed together, curled at the knee and tucked behind her since they couldn't fit on the couch. Her long, bright red hair spilled onto her arms, contrasting starkly to the whiteness of her skin in the bright light. Everything was perfect. This moment would live with both of them for the rest of their lives. As Mulder drew, Scully remained silent as her eyes intently watched him. He was furiously moving the pencil, shading and filling in. His eyes looked at her from above the paper. This was an image of Mulder that Scully would carry with her for the rest of her life. After this experience, Scully realized that her relationship with Mulder would never be the same. When she returned to her time, she would tell Mulder exactly how she felt. Nothing would be held back anymore. An amazing pencil drawing of Scully began to emerge from the paper. It was crude in a way, but it revealed everything. Her determined eyes, her heart-shaped face, and her delicate position--they all pieced together the picture that was Dana Scully. Her feminine essence leapt off the paper and right into Mulder's heart. Her eyes radiated an incredible energy; her hands were delicate but strong. He stopped and stared at the work of art before him. It was perfect in every way. Somehow, he had managed to capture Scully as she truly was--as he had never known her. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever done.

Scully examined the drawing from over Mulder's shoulder. The kimono was back on and her anxiousness had caused her to hover over him as

he put the finishing touches on his masterpiece. Mulder sighed and put the initials F.M. with the date, April 14, 1912 on the bottom. Scully was as giddy as a schoolgirl, grinning from ear to ear at their accomplishment. She was dressed within a matter of minutes. Mulder stood at the window of the Promenade Deck, looking out into the cold night. He came back in just in time to meet Scully coming from her bedroom. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. A deep angry voice called out, "Miss Dana? Are you in here?" It was the CSM. Scully grabbed Mulder's hand and pulled him with her through the rooms of the suite, landing in her sister's bedroom. She silently closed the door behind them as the CSM broke into the suite. Mulder opened the door to the hall and they darted out, but immediately slowed to not seem out of place. Scully nodded to some people she knew, but they kept on moving, anxious to get away. "Hey!" Spender's voice roared from down the hall. He was with the CSM and they were running toward Scully and Mulder. Spender had obviously figured out that she didn't want to be with him anymore. "Run!" Scully yelled and she and Mulder took off like rockets down the hallway, darting around the B-Deck stairs and toward the lifts, one of which was about to close. Spender and the CSM gave chase. "Wait!" Mulder yelled to the lift operator, who let them through. He closed the gates quickly and the lift descended at Spender and CSM crashed against it. Spender slammed on the gates, helpless. "Dana, come back here!" he yelled, but it was fruitless. They watched him disappear as they went down. Despite the situation, Scully cracked a smile at the irony. She began to giggle at having outrun the most pursued man of their careers as FBI agents. This was all so surreal. Scully was just waiting to wake up. The gates opened at E- Deck and Scully and Mulder stumbled out, nearly crashing into a steward with a dinner cart. They slipped past him and continued down the halls, trying to hide themselves in the meandering passages. One good point was that Spender wouldn't set foot in these 3rd class areas. He would send his valet, the CSM, to do it. Then they would only be outrunning one of them. They ran up more stairs, Scully holding tightly to Mulder's hand. He knew this area better than she did. This was where he was living. Scully couldn't help the huge smile on her face. This was completely mad. She was running hand-in-hand with her partner of six years through the halls of Titanic. Mulder had a goofey grin on his face, also struck by the ludicrousness of the situation. But Scully was not afraid. She had let him lead her for six years. She trusted him with her life. This was pure freedom, nothing like she had ever experienced before. Even the feel of her long white dress swishing around her legs made her ecstatic. Their whole lives had changed in the course of a few days. He led her up more stairs and finally hit a door. They burst through it, landing in the chilly night air. Scully couldn't take it anymore and she began to laugh, doubling over in hysterics. This was ridiculous, completely mad. There was no logic to it. They were spinning because Scully had not let go of his hand and she had stepped ahead of him, her long white dress flapping in the wind. Mulder began to laugh as well as he brought her to him, their breath clouds mingling in the chilly air. But neither of them was cold. Scully's laughter began to fade as she tried to turn the moment serious. A smile broke on her face as he brought a hand up to her sweaty cheek. "Mulder," Scully began, her heart was pounding with excitement and hope, "I love you more than anything. I want to be with you. This is where I belong. Not with Spender or Diana or anyone else. This is where I want to be." "This is crazy, Scully. We're insane," Mulder said quietly, unable to keep a grin off his face. "I know!" Scully replied happily. "None of this makes sense. But that's why I trust it. This is what's right." "When I said that you didn't

belong here, I was wrong," Mulder said. "You do belong here, Scully--with me. Just like this. Just the two of us." He leaned down and they kissed once again, intensely, expressing emotion kept pent up for six years. Joy was radiating from her body. Deep down she believed Mulder felt that way too. Scully's thoughts were jumping from one happy thought to the next. This man had shown her the truth. He had opened up her heart to bring out her deepest emotions. No one else could touch her soul the way he could. Her heart was racing with love. Fox Mulder was her key to true freedom. She wasn't going to let him go this time. They were going to be together now. Then suddenly the spell was radically broken. The ship began to shudder violently under their feet. They broke their kiss and looked around, almost unable to stand. A loud bell could be heard from high above. Scully looked up and saw the lookouts yelling frantically. The she saw it. A massive iceberg passing inches from the ship. It was larger than Scully had ever anticipated, looming above them like a death knell. A huge section passed by them and scraped the side of the ship. She was paralyzed as she watched it glide past them, her eyes wide and horror-stricken. "Get back!" Mulder cried as huge and deadly chunks of ice came tumbling down. He grabbed her arm and pulled her back with him. They jumped out of the way just in time for the ice to crash on the deck where they had just been standing. Scully and Mulder stared in shock at the iceberg as it passed. She cried out and realized that she had done nothing. The Titanic was going to sink anyway and 1500 people were going to perish in the icy waters of the North Atlantic. She looked to Mulder, whose eyes were glued to the iceberg. He had never known the truth. She had never told him. "Oh, no," was all that she could get out. Mulder looked at her briefly but then grabbed her hand as they hurried to the starboard side, looking over the railing with nearly a dozen other people back at the iceberg. It was passing quickly as the Titanic was moving quickly--too quickly. Scully's mouth hung open in a stunned realization. Instead of trying to prevent this disaster, she had only thought about her relationship with Mulder. Now it was too late. She pulled away from the railing and looked at the deck around her. Ice littered the front section of the ship, right below the bridge. People were laughing and commenting on the close shave. Some kids were even kicking it around in an impromptu game of soccer. Scully simply looked at them in pity. They didn't realize that many of them would be dead in less than two hours. "I knew this was going to happen," Scully began to panic. Her heart was in her throat, nearly leaping out of her chest. She pulled away from Mulder and whirled around her, unbelieving. Mulder looked to her, confused. "What? We just scraped it. What do you mean you knew this was going to happen?" Scully glanced up at him. "It doesn't matter now. It's done." She was nearly catatonic as she began to walk away. Mulder was behind her. "Scully, what are you talking about?" Scully stopped. "You won't believe me, Mulder. It's too incredible for me even to believe. It sounds like something that would happen to you--not to me." Mulder grabbed her shoulders and forced her to face him. "Try me." Scully hesitated, examining his eyes for any sarcasm or mockery. "I'm not who you think I am, Mulder. I truly don't belong here--not on this ship and not even in this time." He was taken aback, eyes narrowed in confusion. "What?" Scully took a deep breath. "My name is Dana Scully, but I'm from the year 1999. I'm an FBI agent in America. During a stakeout, I was shot and somehow I woke up here, in 1912, on this ship," she explained slowly, allowing Mulder to take it in. "Why I'm here I don't know; I can't explain it, but I used to believe it was to stop this ship from sinking." She saw Mulder's incredulous look. "This ship WILL sink, Mulder, and hundreds of people are going

to die, and now there's nothing I can do to stop it!" Mulder was silent for several moments, staring at her with a mixture of anger, shock, and incredulity. What came out of his mouth was stammered, "You're saying that this ship, the unsinkable Titanic, is going to sink?" Scully nodded. Mulder shook his head, anger setting in. "And you didn't think to say anything to me before? The lives of everyone on the entire ship are on the line and you didn't tell me this?" Scully felt tears in her eyes. "Mulder, you wouldn't have believed me. The man that I know from 1999 would have. But you're not him." Mulder suddenly looked as if someone had punched him. The hurt poured from his eyes. "Why did you...?" he trailed off and thought of another question. "What are you talking about?" "In 1999, you're my FBI partner, Agent Fox Mulder. We work on the X-Files, which investigates cases of unexplained phenomena. I'm a doctor in my time, a skeptic. Now I'm experiencing it all myself. You are a believer. This would be something that would happen to you, but it's happening to me instead," Scully replied. Realizations were coming to her quickly and the words came tumbling out. "I've realized that my reason for being here was not to stop this ship from sinking. It's impossible. There are too many factors that were out of human control. It was meant to happen and despite anything I could have done it was fated. Because of this tragedy, all of society is forever changed. You're the only person I trust in the entire world with this, Mulder. For so long I've loved you--" she stopped herself.

"I've loved HIM. But it was never right for us to be together. Now I've been given this chance to explore my feelings, to be with you here on this ship. I've truly begun to believe that's what I was sent here to do. What we go through here tonight will prove to me how much we mean to each other." Mulder was silent for several seconds, staring at her in a mixture of astonishment, anger, and immense hurt. With a heavy heart she realized she had given him a tremendous blow--but it was nothing compared to the blow her heart had taken. She had fallen in love with Mulder, but the was a different Mulder of a different time. It wasn't her Mulder of 1999. This was all an illusion. When Mulder spoke, his voice was so soft she could barely hear him. "Are you saying you don't feel the same way about me as I do about you?" Scully began to reply when she heard an angry shout. "Arrest that man!" Scully and Mulder whirled around. Spender, the CSM, Diana, the Master of Arms, and some of his guards were standing at the stairs to the A-deck promenade. The guards rushed down and pulled Mulder from Scully, immediately slapping handcuffs on him. Scully stepped back in shock. Mulder looked to her, confused and highly annoyed. Scully stared back at him, clueless. Spender and his valet rushed down the stairs, storming toward the two lovers.

Scully's former fiance walked up to Mulder and stared at him right in the eye, hard and cold. He was insane with rage, his eyes red. "You gutter trash! How dare you!" He stared at Mulder with contempt and finally raised his fist and decked Mulder across the face. There were protests and shouts and Scully grabbed him and tried to push him back. "Jeffrey, what the hell are you doing? We're in the middle of an emergency! What's going on here?" Scully yelled. Spender looked down at her small, but intimidating form, glaring. "He trespassed in my suite. He's assaulted my fiance. I want him arrested this moment!" Spender snapped. "That is such crap!" Mulder yelled, tugging at the huge square handcuffs. "Jeffrey, he never assaulted me!" Scully protested, her voice rising. "I invited him into the room." "Dana, be quiet!" Diana spoke up sharply. She grabbed Scully's arm. "You're stopping this charade right now!" Scully ripped her arm away from her sister's clutches. "Shut up, Diana!" She turned to Spender, right up to his face. "Listen to me, you little weasel! You have no right to

do this! He's done nothing wrong!" "I'll be the judge of that, miss," the Master of Arms replied. "Let's go, you." He tugged at Mulder and led him away. Scully watched helplessly. She was a woman and Mulder was a 3rd class passenger. They had no influence over Spender, a 1st class millionaire. Whatever he said was done. Scully looked up at Spender, her eyes on fire. "You son-of-a bitch." Spender just looked down at her and smirked.

Mulder was taken to the officer's section of E-Deck, to a room far below the top decks, in the bowels of the ship. People were milling around, confused at the tremendous collision with the iceberg. Water was beginning to come in on the bow end of the ship, forcing steerage passengers to gather their belongings and look for dry ground. They were rushing past the room where Mulder was taken. "Hands around the pipe," the Master of Arms ordered and Mulder complied. He was handcuffed. Suddenly a smaller steward came rushing into the room. "Sir, you have to get up to the 2nd class purser's office. There's a big mob up there," he said breathless. The Master of Arms sighed. The CSM stepped forward, drawing his gun. "Go ahead, I'll watch him." "Aye," The Master of Arms said reluctantly and followed the steward out of the room, leaving Mulder and the CSM alone.

Scully stood in her suite, silent as a stone. One hand was on her hip and the other on the table where Mulder's drawing tools had sat just an hour previously. Spender was pacing in front of her. Diana was standing at the door to the promenade deck, arms crossed, staring angrily ahead in space. Scully stared down at the floor, feeling her heart ache within her. Spender stopped in front of her. He took a breath as if to say something, but clamped his mouth shut and instead suddenly backhanded her across the face. Scully cried out and nearly fainted, clutching the table for support with one hand while the other cradled her injured face. She had never been slapped before. Once, she vowed if a man ever slapped her she would shoot him where no man would ever want to be shot. Unfortunately she didn't have her gun with her. She looked up at him, steaming with anger and shock. Spender leaned toward her. "Oh, it's the little slut, isn't it," he growled. Diana just watched, not bothering to do anything against him. She took a long swig of the brandy in her hand and paced behind him. "You're lucky that's all you got, Dana," she said, offering no help to her. Scully was staring down at the floor, not giving him the pleasure of eye contact. He grabbed her shoulders violently, shaking her and forcing her head up. "You look at me when I'm talking to you!" At that moment there was a knock at the door and a steward came rushing in. "Mr. Spender, Miss Scully, Miss Fowly, the captain has requested that you put on your lifebelts and come up to the boat deck." Scully's head whipped to him. She had almost forgotten that the ship was sinking. Her heart leapt in her throat when she realized she didn't know where they had taken Mulder--he could be anywhere, drowning. She shook her head. He was not her Mulder. He was an illusion, a fantasy. "Please not now. We're busy!" Spender snapped, glaring at him. "I'm sorry to inconvenience you, Mr. Spender, but it's captain's orders." He disappeared into the bedroom and opened the closets, pulling out three lifebelts. Diana sighed in exasperation. "I'm not putting on one of those disgusting things!" Scully shook her head. People truly didn't change.

***** Mulder watched the water level begin to rise outside of his window to where it was halfway up the porthole. His heart began to race. The Titanic really was sinking--and he was trapped on one of the lowest decks. The CSM was watching a bullet on a table rolling toward him due to the tilted angle the ship was taking. He looked up at Mulder. "I do believe this ship may sink, Mr. Mulder," he said in a cold matter-of-fact voice. Mulder glared at him as he got up and walked over. With a heave, the CSM punched him in the gut, causing him to double over in pain. Mulder slumped to the ground, groaning. The CSM stood above him and silently lit a cigarette. "Compliments of Mr. Jeffrey Spender," the CSM said calmly and walked out of the room, pocketing the key to the handcuffs.

Scully was stumbling, disoriented because of her assault by Spender. Their entourage was coming up the B- Deck staircase and onto A-Deck Grand Staircase landing. Dozens of people milled around, laughing and completely oblivious to the fate of the ship and their loved ones. Music from the band was floating in from the First Class Lounge. She saw Molly Brown demanding what was going on and when she couldn't get an answer she walked away with her male escorts. Scully's thoughts were not on the sinking, but on Mulder. He was in every way like her Mulder of 1999. There was no way she could have ever fallen in love with him if he hadn't been. A terrifying thought struck her. If this was a dream, then she was dreaming of the people in her life--and that meant she was dreaming of Mulder. He HAD to be the real one--she had created him. And right now he was being put under arrest in the bowels of the ship--and it was rapidly flooding with water. There was no way she could escape them now. Diana was giving orders to Trudy to go back to their rooms and turn the heaters on for some tea later. Scully let out a laugh at their stupidity. They would never see their rooms again. She spotted Skinner walking around, looking around him in a state of shock. No doubt that he knew--he had informed the crew of the fate of the ship. She hurried toward him and grabbed him as he headed up the Grand Staircase. "Sir," Scully said. He stopped and looked at her, warm recognition in his eyes. Despite what had happened at lunch, he still cared for her greatly. "I saw the iceberg, and I see it in your eyes. Will the ship sink?" He looked around sadly and stepped off the stairs onto the landing. Skinner held her shoulders, keeping his voice low as to avoid a panic. "Yes, Dana. It will. In an hour or so, all this will be at the bottom of the Atlantic." He looked once again at the Grand Staircase and the magnificent glass dome. Scully's heart dropped. Nothing she had done had worked. History was going to stay the same. "You're certain?" Skinner nodded and Scully realized that Spender was standing right behind her, and that he had heard everything. "What?" he said incredulously. Skinner ignored him and kept his hands firmly on her shoulders. "Get to a boat quickly, Dana. Don't wait. You remember about the boats, don't you?" Scully nodded and kept her voice low. "Yes, I understand." Skinner looked sadly to her and continued up the stairs. She turned around and her eyes met Spender's shell-shocked ones. Her face was a glare mixed with shock. Stewards led them out to the boat deck, where seamen and officers were working frantically at the lifeboats, breaking the davits and taking the canopy covers off. Second Officer Lightoller was trying to yell above the deafening noise of steam being released from the Titanic's four funnels. Scully

watched in fascination at the scene before her. She was watching history. "Ladies and gentleman, come toward me! Don't be afraid! Please step forward!" Lightoller yelled when suddenly the steam stopped and there was a silence. "Good," he smiled. "At this time I will require only women and children. Gentleman please step back and allow the ladies to get on the boats." Spender took Diana's arm and pushed her toward the boat. Scully watched the tiny boat wobble. The problem was that none of the women wanted to leave the big warm ship and get into a small, unstable little lifeboat. Spender looked behind him and saw Scully. She just stared up at him, her eyes neutral.

"Come on, madam. Get into the boat," Lightoller took the arm of a 1st class lady and helped her into the boat. She protested, but her husband urged her in, saying she would see him in the morning. Scully looked sadly at the scene. "Will the lifeboats be seated according to class?" Diana asked loudly, bundled up in many fur coats and gloves. She looked back at Spender and Scully, a smile on her face. "I hope they're not too crowded. I don't want to sit next to heathens," she laughed. Spender smiled in reply, but Scully's face just twisted up in disgust. She grabbed Diana's arms and forced her to face her. "Oh, Diana, shut up! Don't you understand? The water is freezing and there aren't enough boats--not enough by half," she paused. "Half the people on this ship are going to die." "Not the better half," Spender said in a low voice. Scully's look shoots up to him, her eyes wide in horror at his comment. She realized with sickening clarity that Mulder didn't stand a chance. "You unimaginable bastard," Scully growled. Spender just looked at her, his features cold and emotionless. He let out a little smirk and handed a lifebelt to Diana, who had already climbed into the boat. Molly Brown was sitting beside her. "Come on, Dana. You're next, darling," she said, holding a hand out to her. Scully just stared at them. She couldn't believe she had even stayed with them up until now. They were evil, cold, and completely uncaring of human life. She began to back away from this world, away from its backward values. She had to get to him before the water did. She loved him. He WAS her Mulder. Not a figment of her imagination. "Dana, get into the boat!" Diana insisted, embarrassed that her sister was making a scene. Scully didn't reply. Her face was twisted in disgust. "Goodbye, Diana. I'll see you in hell," she snapped and whirled around, walking away quickly. Diana could do nothing in the small, tipsy boat. She began to yell after her sister, begging her to get on. Her cries were unheeded as Scully took off in the crowd. Spender started after her. He caught up with her and grabbed her arm, whirling her around to face him. "Where are you going? What, to be with him? To be a whore to a gutter rat?" Spender cried, disgusted, tightening his firm grasp on her arm. Scully glared up at him, her face twisting into a smirk. "I'd rather be his whore than your wife." She pulled herself away, but Spender refused to let go, tugging her back with him towards the boat. He wasn't going to admit defeat that easily. Instead, Scully began to claw at him, viciously fighting back. "No! I said no!" he yelled, trying to avoid her flying hair. Scully stopped struggling and spit right in his face. Startled, he let go and she took the opportunity and darted off, hiding herself in the crowd. Spender stared after her in shock.

***** Scully ran through the 1st class hallway, her eyes scanning every person that passed. Everyone was moving down to the boat deck, dressed in bulky clothes and wearing lifebelts. The panic level around her was beginning to rise steadily. "Mr. Andrews? Mr. Andrews?" she yelled, stopping at a cross-hall and heading down another. She finally saw him, checking rooms and telling people to

put on lifebelts. "Mr. Andrews! Thank God!" Scully ran up to him. He was startled at seeing her. "Dana, what are you doing here?" he asked, frantic. "Where would the Master of Arms take someone under arrest?" Scully asked, breathless. Skinner looked at her incredulously. "What? You have to get to a boat right now, Dana—" "No!" Scully protested. "Sir, all I want is information! Despite what you say, I'm doing this with or without your help. A man's life is at stake!" Skinner sighed and placed a hand on her back. "Take the lift to the bottom deck, then turn right and left again at the stairs. You'll come to a long corridor." Scully listened carefully, her heart racing. She was going to find him no matter what. He finished explaining and Scully gave him a huge hug. To her, he was still Assistant Director Walter Skinner, who had saved them more times than she could count. "Thank you, sir. Mulder thanks you too," she gave him a quick smile and took off to save her partner.

Scully pushed herself past everyone in the A-Deck foyer, shooting around the corner next to the stairs where the lifts were. People were gathered around them, trying to use them, but the operator stood in front, preventing anyone from getting through. "I'm sorry, but the lifts are not in operation at this time. Everyone, please use the stairs," a weasely looking crewman said, placing a hand on either side of him to block access. Scully raced up to him, pushing the crowd aside. He stopped her. "I'm sorry, miss, but the lifts are closed." Scully was near despair, but then her fierce FBI nature kicked in. It didn't matter if it was the devil himself trying to stop her. She was going to get to her partner. Scully grabbed him by the lapels of his jacket and forced him back into the lift. "I'm through being polite! Take me down now or I swear to God I'll throw you overboard!" she yelled, slamming up against the back of the elevator. He was intimidated and didn't fight her strength. She hurriedly closed the door while he grabbed the controls in fright. "E-Deck."

The water was beginning to pour in through the door. Mulder was in complete panic, struggling to remove the handcuffs. He grabbed the pipe and tried to rip it out of the wall, but was unsuccessful. He pulled and twisted, but the handcuffs wouldn't budge. The key was nowhere in sight and the corridors around him were abandoned. The only way he could get the cuffs off was to break his wrists. There had to be another way to get help. Then he thought of Scully and his heart dropped. Why hadn't she come to help him? He knew the answer to that. She thought he was someone else. She didn't feel anything for him. She had gone with her rich fiance and sister. "Help! Can anybody hear me? Hello? Hellooooo? Get me out of here!" Mulder shouted at the top of his lungs, but there was no one around to hear him.

Scully held her breath as the lift descended. She began to feel cold, but she was too scared to care. Mulder could already be dead. She felt sick at the thought. The operator was in an intimidated silence. They neared the bottom deck and Scully looked down as they passed D-Deck. The floor was green--or was it? They descended fast and

before they knew it water was pouring into the lift. Both she and the operator cried out as water surged through the gates around them. It was like buckets and buckets of ice being dumped onto her body. The lift was in a foot of icewater, whirling around their legs, threatening to engulf them. The operator began to yell, "I'm going back up! I'm going back up!" He grabbed the controls, but Scully threw him back against the elevator. "No! Let me out!" She clawed at the door and pushed back the gates, landing herself into a flooded foyer. The walls seemed to be glowing green as they reflected the light from the seawater. "I'm going back up! I'm going back up! You're crazy, lady!" the operator yelled as he closed the gates and the lift ascended back to A-deck. As the water poured out of the elevator like a waterfall as it went up, Scully turned back and had a moment of hesitation. Then she shook her head and hiked up her long, floor-length white skirt and long pink dress coat. She was going to get to Mulder no matter what. He meant too much to her. "Mulder? Mulder? Can you hear me?" she began to yell. Scully rounded the corner into the crew passage and then took another right down a longer corridor. Water was calf-deep and her feet were numb, but she kept going, shouting his name, praying for a response. She looked in every room she passed, trudging through the water. A chair had floated out from a steerage cabin and she shoved it aside. Then suitcases and clothes began to pile around her, almost as if they were purposely holding her back. She tossed them out of the way. Nothing was going to stop her. "Mulder?" Scully yelled again, her voice becoming hoarse. "Can you hear me, Mulder?"

Mulder climbed onto the desk next to him to escape the freezing water swirling around his legs. Suddenly he heard the most wonderfully familiar voice of his life. "Mulder? Mulder? Are you there?" Scully! Mulder's heart leapt. "Scully! Scully! Here, Scully!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. He banged his handcuffs against the pipe, hoping the sound would attract her. "I'm in here!"

Scully whirled around at the sound of her name. "Mulder?" She began to move back toward where the water was lowest. She heard her name again. "Scully! I'm in here!" "Mulder! Mulder!" She pushed open a door and there was nothing. "Mulder?" She tried the one across the hall and saw her partner handcuffed to a steel pipe. Scully pushed the door open against the swirling water. He was smiling from ear to ear with relief. Scully trudged across the room, sloshing through the icewater to Mulder, holding her arms out. "I'm sorry, Mulder. I'm so sorry I didn't come," she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. He buried his face in her damp hair, nearly crying with relief. "It's okay, Scully. It's okay. You're here," Mulder assured her. She raised her head and saw his handcuffs. "Oh, God, Mulder," she began to panic. "Scully, you have to find a spare key. Check in that cabinet!" he motioned to the large wood cabinet with dozens of little keys. Handcuff keys were always silver, but all of the keys were brass. "It's not here, Mulder," she touched each key as she scanned them. "Look in the desk. It was sitting there before he left," Mulder said, still struggling with the cuffs himself. She immediately turned to the desk and began to search the top, tearing through papers. It was a mess in the room as the water rose, setting things afloat.

Scully pulled out desk drawers and ransacked them, but came up with nothing. She searched cupboards, closets, and boxes. She stopped trashing the room and caught her breath. "There's no key, Mulder," she sighed in frustration. "Dammit, and I don't have my gun with me," she instinctively searched her back where it was normally kept. "You have to go for help, Scully," Mulder stated, his voice slightly quivering with fright. He didn't want to be left alone down here. Scully nodded. She was nervous herself about leaving him, but she realized that was the only way she could get Mulder out of this. She looked up at him, her eyes determined. "Don't worry, Mulder. I'm going to get you out of here." Mulder smiled, "It'll be alright, Scully. If anyone can do it, you can." Scully looked up at him, startled. It sounded like something the Mulder in 1999 would say. She leaned in and kissed him hard. "I'll be right back," she promised. Mulder nodded in reply, trying to look brave. Scully turned around and shoved floating debris out of her way as she left the room. Mulder's heart was pounding as he saw his salvation disappear from the room. The sound of water pouring in assaulted his ears. "I'll just wait here!"

***** Scully splashed down the hall but she looked up and saw the water deeper down at the other end. She turned and headed up some stairs, heaving herself and her wet dress and coat out of the icy water. Her long skirt was leaving a trail of water behind her. At least it would show her the way back. "Hello? Is there anyone here? Hello?" Scully meandered her way around the halls, looking for a sign of life anywhere. She stopped at a cross-hall. "Is there anyone down here?" she shouted, but her only response was silence. She was completely alone. A long groan of stressed metal echoed off the walls, sounding like a beast opening its jaws. It gave her the incentive to keep going. Bags and luggage lay littered around her. Suddenly as she rounded a corner, she tripped over a large trunk that had been abandoned in the evacuation of the steerage section. Scully went sprawling forward with a cry that mixed with the creaks and groans of the ship. She landed hard on the floor, banging her head against the steel floor. The world was in a haze as Scully lay flat on her stomach, completely disoriented. Everything began to spin and darkness crept in front of her eyes, threatening to send her into unconsciousness. She moaned in pain. Her head began to pound as her cheek rested against the hard, cold floor. If she passed out now there would be no one to help Mulder. He was her partner and no matter what she was going to rescue him. With a cry of determination, Scully picked herself up off the floor. She gently touched her forehead and came away with blood. Despite the merciless pounding in her head, she got to her knees, using the wall to lift herself off the floor. She stumbled forward and turned a corner, faced with another long hallway. She stopped to catch her breath, devastated at the lack of assistance. "Hello?" she called but, complete despair evident in her voice. Her only answer was a shallow stream of water, which was creeping its way toward her from the far end of the hall. Scully gasped and turned back the way she came. And then the lights went out. Scully backed herself against the wall, her heart racing and ready to leap out of her chest. This was like a bad dream. Scully squeezed her eyes shut. Maybe it was. Suddenly the lights flickered and came back on, amid creaks and groans from the ship. She realized she was hyperventilating. That was the most terrifying moment of her life. She struggled to catch her breath. She was completely, utterly alone. And if she didn't move fast enough, Mulder would drown. Scully closed her eyes and said an "Our Father." Then when she opened her eyes, they settled on a glass case across the hall. A fire-ax Scully

gasped in relief and grabbed a suitcase from off the floor. She threw it at the glass and it shattered all over the ground. Seizing the ax like a lifeline, she sprinted back the way she came. She reached the E-Deck stairway quickly and took a sharp breath. The water had flooded the bottom five stairs, bringing the water up far past her waist. Scully slowly started down them, murmuring, "Oh, my God." Putting her feet in the water, she had to crouch down to see the down the hallway in which Mulder was trapped. She put her hands on the frame and leaned her head inward. Water rushed toward her, filling up any empty space it could. A bright light lit up the hallway as an emergency light shorted out. The sickening popping sound caused Scully to snap her head around to look at it. Her heart pounded as she stepped back and shrugged out of the pink embroidered topcoat she had been wearing for warmth. Now all she was dressed in was a long white slip dress that was soaked to the bone. She grabbed the ax and, using the doorframe as leverage, let herself glide into the freezing water. Scully cried out at the pain, but forged ahead, holding onto piping above her as she slowly shimmied her way to the room Mulder was being held in. The ax was in her other hand. Every pull through the twenty-eight degree water tore through her body and every breath constricted her lungs. Water rushed behind her, pushing her forward and threatening to make her lose her balance. But she eventually made it to ground where she could touch without holding onto the pipe. She held the ax above her head with both hands and slowly the water receded to waist deep. She pushed herself through and swung at the door with the blunt side of the ax, knocking it open. Mulder was kneeling on the desk she had ransacked moments earlier. He nearly collapsed in relief when he saw her. "Thank God, Scully! Hurry!" "Will this work?" Scully held up her weapon. Mulder nodded. "I guess we'll find out. Come on!" he spread his hands out so that the handcuffs' chain was taut. Scully raised the ax and was prepared to swing, but Mulder stopped her. "Wha-Wha-Wait! Open your hands more, Scully." Scully spread them as she was told. She was nervous. Her lips were blue and her teeth chattering in the sub-zero water. As a doctor she realized that extreme temperatures made muscle coordination sluggish. That was the last thing she needed to know right now. "Just hit it really hard and really fast," he stopped and looked at her, his look alone filling her with strength. "You can do it, Scully. I know you can." Scully had never thrown an ax before and Mulder's life was depending on her doing it. But he was looking at her with encouragement. "I trust you, Scully." Scully took a deep breath and brought the ax down hard. At the last second she shut her eyes. When she heard a CLANG, she opened her eyes, expecting to see Mulder's wrist lying in the water. Instead, Mulder's handcuffs were split apart. He cried out with joy as Scully nearly collapsed, not believing what she had done. Mulder grabbed her head and kissed her hard on the lips as she dropped the ax into the water. Scully began to laugh insanely with disbelief. "We've got to get out of here," he said as Scully helped him down into the water. He gasped in pain. "Oh, shit! This is cold! Dammit!" He swore as they waded through the waist deep seawater. They got to the door and saw water rushing in at the stairs--the only way out. "What now?" Scully asked, panic rising in her throat. Mulder grabbed her hand and began to pull her with him. "We find another way. Let's go."

The boats were leaving steadily, but only half full. The passengers had finally figured out that something was horribly wrong and all they wanted to do was get off the ship. The senior officers working

the lifeboats had to resort to firing blanks in the air to keep people from swarming the tiny boats. The once bright letters of the name TITANIC on the forward hull were now disappearing under the water, tinted green as they sank deeper. Distress rockets were being fired regularly, but there was no one around for ten miles. No one close was responding to their hails. Titanic was utterly alone.

Mulder began to pound on a locked wooden door. It was a dead end and water was rushing at them. Scully pushed with him, feeling it splinter under their weight. "Push harder, Scully!" he yelled. With a cry from both of them, it gave, and they went tumbling headfirst into Scotland Road, a long and wide passage that was the most frequently used on the ship. Several groups of steerage families gasped as they saw the soaking wet twosome, one of whom was a young woman in a wet white dress that showed more than a lady would want. A steward began to chase after them as they hurried down the long hall, hand-in-hand. "Wait! Where are you going? You have to pay for that White Star Line property you destroyed there!" Mulder and Scully whirled around. "SHUT UP!" The steward backed off, dumfounded. Mulder and Scully continued to hurry down the passage, looking for a way up to the boat deck--to the lifeboats. They reached a large E- Deck stairway completely overtaken by steerage passengers. They were waiting for the gates to open, but the steward behind them wouldn't open them. "It's not time to go up to the boats yet! Please stay calm!" he insisted in a high-pitched weasely voice. Mulder growled in frustration and slammed his fist against the wall. No one would let them up until the first and second class passengers were loaded, but both Mulder and Scully knew there weren't enough boats for them. They had to get up there on their own. "Mulder!" a few male voices yelled. Mulder and Scully whirled around and Scully was almost amused to see the Lone Gunmen coming toward her. They had been playing the Irish instruments the night before in the third class general room. "Guys!" Mulder exclaimed with happiness and gave them all a quick joyful hug. "Mulder, all the boats are going!" Byers said. "If we don't get out of here we'll be eating seaweed for breakfast," Frohike looked around him. "This whole place is flooding. We don't have much time left," Mulder said, his hand still gripping Scully's tightly. "There are more gates back that way. Maybe we can get out through one of them," Byers suggested. Mulder nodded, "Okay, let's go." They group took off down Scotland Road, Mulder holding Scully's hand and the Lone Gunmen trailing behind them. They turned off the passage and into a smaller labyrinth of steerage quarters. Pushing past catatonic immigrants and foreign families, they came to a smaller set of stairs. Some people were standing there yelling at the steward, but all he did was order them to go back to the main E-Deck stairwell. Mulder stepped forward, letting go of Scully's hand and pointing a threatening finger at the small steward. "Open the gate." The steward shook his head and repeated, "Go back to the main stairwell." "Open the gate right now!" Mulder was nearly shouting. The steward repeated it more forcefully. "Go back down the main stairwell like I told you!" Scully groaned in frustration and Mulder was boiling with rage. He grabbed the gate with both of his large hands and began to shake it furiously. "Goddammit! Son-of-a- bitch!" he roared, completely losing it. Mulder whirled around quickly, looking for anything to use. He spotted a large wooden bench against the wall about five feet from the gate. "Frohike, Byers, Langly, give me a hand!" He shouted as he grabbed one end of the bench. The Lone Gunman quickly joined him and with

their combined strength they ripped it from the wall. Scully figured out what they were doing and began to push people to either side. "Move aside! Quickly, move aside!" she shouted, pushing herself against the wall as well. A second later the men came rushing at the gate and rammed it, knocking it partly out of its track. "Again!" Mulder shouted and the men rammed it again. It fell completely down, landing only inches from the still-protesting steward. Mulder stepped over it and grabbed Scully's hand, the Lone Gunmen following close behind. The rest of the crowd surged through. "You can't go up there! You can't go—" Frohike decked him, knocking him flat on the ground.

Mulder and Scully burst onto the boat deck, immediately assailed by the chilly North Atlantic air. She had grabbed a blanket from a steward and had wrapped it around herself, but it wasn't helping. Scully looked forward and saw that the bow was completely underwater. A wave of sadness passed over her at remembering that that was where she and Mulder had shared their first kiss. Suddenly, gunshots startled them and caused them to whirl around. They saw Officer Lowe in a lifeboat, overcrowded to say the least, which was being lowered. People from the decks below were trying to get in and Lowe had no choice but to fire his weapon to drive them back. "Stay back! Stay back!" Lowe shouted, trying to get order. The boat landed safely in the water and began to row away from the chaos. Scully looked around and saw no other boats near them, only empty davits. "We're too late! The boats are gone!" she exclaimed. Byers pushed them forward, closer aft. "There are more all the way forward. Let's go." They all took off, Mulder gripping Scully's hand to make sure they didn't get separated in the crowd. As they raced through the crowd, they passed the band, which amazingly was still playing. They were plucking out "Orpheus" on their instruments. "Music to drown by--now I know I'm in first class!" Langly exclaimed as they ran through the crowd. Scully heard a tremendous WHOOSH and realized that water had spilled onto the B-Deck already and was quickly heading overtaking the deck. Titanic was sinking fast-- faster than she had ever realized. The boats now were so crowded there was no way she and Mulder would ever get in one together. They stopped at Boat 2, where Lightoller was loading women and children. His pistol was visible at his side as a warning to any man who might overrun his boat. Mulder wrapped his arms around Scully, pushing her forward in the crowd so she could have a shot at the boat. It was chaos. They were being shoved from all sides. Women were crying and children were wailing to be with their fathers. Scully looked over and saw a middle-class gentleman who was getting his family into the boat. He assured his wife and daughters that they would see him again soon, that he would get on another boat. It was a lie--he knew it and so did Scully. She turned to Mulder, his face inches from hers. "I'm not going without you," she stated firmly. Mulder's eyes widened. "You have to go, Scully. You're going to make it out of here." Scully shook her head, her eyes narrowed with disbelief. "No, Mulder! I can't believe you're even suggesting this!" "Scully, you're the only one of us who can get in that boat!" Frohike insisted. Scully looked to him, startled. He had called her by her last name--as if he knew her. "Get in the boat, Scully," Mulder insisted, his voice lower. "Yes, get in the boat, Dana." Scully and Mulder looked up in shock to see Spender standing there with the CSM right behind him. She instinctively stepped back towards Mulder. Spender stared at her and realized that she was wearing a see-through dress that was soaked and torn. In 1912, it was

a shocking display. "My God, look at you. You look a fright! Here, put this on," Spender removed his long black overcoat and placed it on her shoulders. Scully shrugged herself away from him, but put her arms through the coat. Mulder stepped in front of him, blocking him from her vision. "You go, Scully. I'll get the next boat," Mulder promised, pushing her toward Lightoller. "I'm not getting into that boat!" "I'll be fine, Scully! You know me. I can survive anything. Now just get on!" Mulder was begging her to go. He wanted her to live more than anything. "Mulder, you're crazy if you think I'm leaving this ship without you!" Scully continued to protest. Spender watched this emotion with a clenched jaw. He leaned in to Scully. "I have an arrangement with an officer on the other side of the ship. Mulder and I can get off safely," he looked to Mulder, his eyes neutral. "Both of us." Scully looked to Mulder. He looked at Spender and then back at Scully. "See I told you, Scully. I'm going to be fine. Just take this boat and I'll meet you on the rescue ship." She didn't believe Mulder's false optimism for a second. She had seen too much handiwork of Jeffrey Spender to doubt that anything he said was the truth. But Mulder was so insistent. She remembered their conversation in the car and thought how ironic it was. Mulder had insisted that he would force her to get on a boat and Scully had shot back with how does he know he would even be there anyway. Now she was faced with a choice that was tearing her heart in two. She loved Mulder with every essence of her being, but if she didn't get on the boat now she would never have a chance to live--or to get back to her time. "Hurry," Spender managed an encouraging smile, "they're almost full." "Step aboard, miss!" an officer grabbed her from the crowd and Scully only put up a half-hearted fight as she was dragged to the lifeboat. Mulder grabbed her arm and attempted to help her onto the tipsy little boat. She grabbed the hands of an officer to steady herself. As soon as she was in the boat, she whirled around and grabbed Mulder's hand. She wasn't going to say goodbye that quickly. Her fingers brushed his for a moment before Lightoller pushed him away. Scully let out a small gasp of protest as she was forced to sit in the little boat. Mulder stood at the railing, looking down into the boat. Scully stared up at him, her eyes wide with sorrow. Their eyes met and never left each other. Spender stood beside him, watching her, but with a cold stare on his face. Scully realized she must look like a mess, with her hair wet and stringy and her clothes soaked. "Lower away!" Everything was a blur as the boat jerked and everyone cried out. It slowly began to descend, taking Scully farther away from Mulder. Tears formed as she realized this was probably the last time she would ever see him. "You're a good liar," Spender said in a low voice, keeping his eyes on Scully. "Not as good as you," Mulder shot back in the same neutral tone. He looked up at Spender. "There's, uh, there's no arrangement, is there?" Spender nodded, "Oh, there is--not that you'll benefit much from it." He met Mulder's eyes and gave him a smirk. "I always win, Mulder. One way or another." Mulder's heart fell as he realized he was screwed. There was no hope of survival for a third class male. He looked back down at Scully, not wanting to waste a second of his last view of her. She looked up at him and it all became slow motion for her. She focused on Mulder and the whole rest of the world was blocked out. Her heart was pounding in terror, thundering in her ears. This was not happening. A rocket burst above the boat, outlining Mulder's face in a halo of light as he gradually began to disappear. Tears were forming at the corner of his eyes and his hands were trembling as they rested on the rail. Tears were flowing down Scully's cheeks, her whole body overcome with unbearable pain. She wasn't going to leave him--not like this, not after six years together. They had never abandoned

each other. This night would be no exception. Suddenly, Scully was on her feet, lunging across the other passengers, pushing them aside. Mulder realized what she was doing and began to yell. "Scully, don't!" Scully hurled herself out of the boat and landed at the rail of the A-Deck promenade, clinging to the side. Two men grabbed her arms and hauled her over the rail back onto the Titanic. Mulder was yelling at her, his heart-wrenching cries far louder than Spender's were. "Scully! What are you doing? Scully! No!" He tore himself away from the rail and sprinted along the boat deck, calling out her name. Scully ran down the A-Deck promenade, pushing passengers out of her way as she frantically searched for her partner. She turned into the foyer of the Grand Staircase just as Mulder came in off the boat deck, crashing through the glass doors. He sprinted down the stairs and Scully came running toward him, the tail of Spender's long black coat flying behind her. They collided in an embrace at the bottom of the stairs. "Scully!" he grabbed his head and kissed her hard, near tears. "You're so stupid, Scully!" Scully kissed him, holding him as tightly as she could, just thankful to be back with him. She just shook her head as Mulder continued to demand, "Why did you do that? Why, Scully?" Scully stopped and placed both her hands on his cheeks, holding his face. "You jump, I jump, right?" Mulder managed a breathy, defeated laugh. "Right." He pulled her to him once again and kissed her. Scully buried her face in his shoulder, wrapping her arms around his waist. She squeezed her eyes shut, desperately trying to forget the insufferable pain she had just experienced. "I couldn't go, I just couldn't go, Mulder. Not with everything we've been through together." "It's alright, Scully. We'll think of something." Spender watched from the top of the stairs, looking over the rail at the two partners, watching them embrace. That she was willing to die for gutter scum like Fox Mulder filled him with murderous rage. Spender was shaking, gripping the rail so tightly that his knuckles were white. The CSM grabbed his shoulder and pulled him back with him away from the sight. But Spender snapped. He spun around and grabbed the CSM's gun from his waistband, dashing down the stairs to the landing on one cobra-fast move. As he raised the gun, Mulder looked up and cried out. The gun fired, and Mulder pulled Scully down with him. The bullet hit the cherub at the base of the stairs, exploding it all over the floor. "Come on, Scully! Move!" Mulder yelled and pushed Scully back toward the stairs to B-Deck as she tried to figure out what had happened. He grabbed her hand and the chase began. Spender ran down the Grand Staircase and tripped on the broken cherub, sliding hard to the floor. He picked himself up quickly and chased off after them. Scully and Mulder darted down one flight of stairs after another, desperately trying not to slip on the slick ceramic floor. Mulder urged her on, "Move, Scully!" They were going down the stairs two at a time as Spender fired behind them, hitting the water, the posts, the stairs--anything but Scully and Mulder. He was not a good shot. Scully cried out as a shot hit close beside her. Mulder pulled her closer to him, out of the way. They came down the D-Deck stairs and landed into straight into the water. It was several feet deep and Mulder pulled Scully with him against the current. "Come on, Scully! Go!" Spender arrived at the D-Deck landing, still firing. Sprays of water from Spender's bullets came up around them as they continued to splash their way through the flooded reception area. Scully screamed and ducked. They ran into the dining room, glass now shielding them. Spender fired with another murderous yell and hit the glass, barely missing Mulder's head. They were out of sight now. Spender pulled at the trigger, but all he got was a loud clicking. He was out of ammo. With a cry of rage, he threw the gun into the water. The wood was creaking and groaning around him,

threatening to come down on his head. Water rushed in behind him, ascending every second. Spender looked around him and then back at the two retreating forms running through the 1st class dining room, seething. "I hope you enjoy your time together!"

Scully and Mulder continued to run, out of breath and freezing. They were on dry ground now due to the tilt of the ship. Mulder looked behind them and realized there were no more shots. They turned into the kitchen and stopped, catching their breaths and watching to see if there was anyone still chasing after them. Then suddenly a small but terrified voice startled them. Mulder continued down the stairs with Scully in tow. They landed in a third class hallway that was quickly flooding. A little boy stood at the end, crying and pointing to the water. The double doors next to him were the only things preventing the whole hall from being flooded completely and if they broke they would all drowned. Water was falling from the ceiling, spilling out of the walls. Mulder turned to Scully. Her FBI training kicked in. "We can't leave him, Mulder." Mulder nodded and ran towards the boy, Scully running close behind him. He picked him up and started to run with him back to the stairs they came from. They stopped. A huge current of water was running down them. The dining room was completely flooded. There was no way out that way. Suddenly a man shouting in Italian ran out of one of the rooms. He grabbed the boy and pushed Mulder away, thinking he was kidnapping his son. The man ran to the other end of the hall, where he retrieved a suitcase. The double doors at that end were splinter and groaning from the tremendous pressure. Scully and Mulder ran after him, trying to stop him. "Stop! That's the wrong way! Come back!" Then suddenly the doors broke and a huge torrent of water came rushing at them. The father and child disappeared instantly while Mulder and Scully screamed and darted down a hallway, the water mercilessly at their feet, gaining on them like a speeding locomotive. "Run!" Mulder yelled as they ran. They desperately raced to outrun a huge wave coming around the corner. But it overtook them and they went gliding along with the water, tossing and turning in the tremendous current. "Scully!" Mulder shouted, his mouth filling with water when he tried to call for her. The water carried them wherever it wished, dragging objects with it, slamming them mercilessly up against walls "Mulder!" Scully yelled back, her arms flailing in the torrent of water. The current smashed them against a 3rd class gate. It cut Scully's forehead again, but she ignored it as she reached out to find Mulder. He was thrown up against the gate beside her and he only managed to grab her hand. The icewater swirled around them, engulfing them and threatening to bury them alive. "Scully, come on!" Mulder pulled her with him as they fought the current, inching their way against the wall. He dragged her behind him, and they finally reached the stairs. Mulder pulled Scully in front of him, grabbing the stairway rail. With a heave, he hoisted her up onto the stairs out of the water. He followed behind her. Scully reached the top of the stairs and cried out. An iron gate blocked their way to the boat deck. She grabbed it and began to shake it furiously, but it didn't budge. "Oh, God, no!" she screamed. Mulder threw his weight against it but didn't succeed in getting it off the track. "Help!" Scully screamed, shaking the gate. "Is anyone there?" Suddenly a steward appeared and ran past them, either not noticing them or not caring. He started up the stairs in front of them. "Sir! Sir, open the gate, please!" Mulder shouted. The steward stopped and whirled around. He saw the two partners standing behind the gate, trapped. The water was up to their

ankles within seconds. He hesitated. "Help us, please!" Scully begged. The steward cursed silently at himself. "Bloody hell!" he exclaimed and turned to the gate, fishing though a huge ring of keys. "Hurry!" Scully cried. The water was now up their knees. It was rushing so fast they had trouble staying on their feet. He tried several keys and they didn't work. In his nervousness, the keys slipped from his hand and landed on the floor--in several feet of icewater. He looked up at them, genuinely distraught. "I'm sorry, I lost the keys!" He whirled around and ran up the stairs. Scully continued to yell after him but Mulder took a deep breath and plunged under. He slipped his hand through the gate and fished around. Underwater, he heard Scully screaming for him to hurry. Suddenly his hand touched the chain and he pulled it through the gate towards him frantically. He shot to the surface, where the water was now up to their chests. They only had a few minutes of air left. "Which one, Scully?" he fingered hurriedly through the dozens of keys. Scully paused, desperately trying to think. "The sharp one! Try the sharp one!" Mulder plunged his hand underwater and had to search by feel for the lock. The lights were shorting out in the freezing water and the blinking made her dizzy. "Hurry, Mulder!" The water was up to their chins, pushing their heads toward the ceiling. Then suddenly the gate opened and Mulder and Scully went rushing with the water up the stairs. Scully pushed herself under some piping and emerged, taking a deep breath. She looked behind her for Mulder. He wasn't behind her. "Mulder!" Scully yelled, her heart in her throat. Mulder emerged, choking and heaving, behind the piping. He went under it and swam next to Scully. She grabbed his hand, pulling him with her to the stairs of the next deck. "Hurry, Mulder!" They seemed to go up endless stairs, outrunning the water. All around them the ship was groaning and cracking under the tremendous strain of the water. Scully realized they didn't have much time before the ship broke in half. The steel could only take so much before it cracked under the force. They threw open an ornate wooden door and landed in the first class smoking lounge. It was surprisingly silent except for the distant cries and screams from the boat deck. Few people were there. Some gentlemen were sitting and drinking brandy, dressed in lifebelts, accepting of their fate. Other women were being helped by their husbands. The partners rushed past them toward the revolving door that led to the Grand Staircase. As Scully and Mulder ran uphill around the poker tables, she cried out. "Wait, wait, wait!" she pulled Mulder to a stop. Scully tried to catch her breath as she looked at Skinner. He was catatonic in front of the fireplace, staring into a clock. A lifebelt was beside him, unused. He had given up trying to help anyone a long while ago. Nothing he could have done would have helped anyway. "Sir!" Scully cried. Skinner turned and saw her. A single tear ran down his cheek as his heart appeared to fall, a numb recognition evident in his eyes. "Oh, Dana," he replied so softly Scully could barely hear him. Scully took a step forward. "Aren't you even going to make a try for it? Please, sir..." Skinner shook his head and picked up his lifebelt, holding it out to her. Affection and sorrow were evident in his eyes. "May the angels be on your shoulders tonight, Dana. I hope I see you again someday--in a better place than this." Scully felt tears pool in her eyes as she stared at her boss. He was going to die, but he was a truly brave soul and would be remembered. If she ever got out of this and back to her time, he would be one of the first people she saw. "I know you will, sir." She hugged him, giving him a gentle kiss on the cheek. Skinner smiled back. Mulder gently took her hand. He respected her attachment to him, but they had to find a way to get off the ship quickly. "It's going fast. We have to move, Scully." With one last

sad look, Scully allowed Mulder to lead her through to the door and out to the Grand Staircase. She quickly glanced behind her and saw Skinner staring after them, his heart falling. They broke through a door and landed at the boat deck. It was overrun by passengers running away from the water, up towards the dry stern. Scully looked around and saw only empty davits. It really was too late this time. There were no more boats--only the four collapsibles up toward the forward section. Both realized there was not hope in getting in them. Officers were brandishing guns to keep the men away. Crowds and crowds of men from all classes threatened to swamp it. She briefly saw the Lone Gunmen trying to get on, fighting with the officer in charge. Water was swirling up the deck, inching closer and closer every second. What caused her heart to hurt was the band. The four men continued to play, except their music had changed from cheerful ragtime to "Nearer my God to Thee." The haunting strains made her stop and briefly reflect on what she was experiencing. Mulder pulled them to the rail and they both looked out for some escape route. All they saw were people jumping into the freezing ocean, desperately swimming to a lifeboat. The bridge was completely underwater and the tilt of the ship was worsening with every second. Dozens of passengers were streaming around them, fighting to get to higher ground. From every side they were being pushed and shoved. He turned her to face him. "We have to stay on the ship as long as possible, Scully!" He grabbed her hand and dragged her aft up the slanting deck with him, struggling because of the angle of the ship. Scully had put on the bulky white lifebelt over her soaking dress and coat. Mulder had her hand tightly in his as they fought through the incredible crowds. The lights of Titanic went out, eliciting a scream of terror from the passengers still trapped on the rapidly sinking ship. Then, as suddenly as they went out, they came back on. Scully's heart leapt. She hated the darkness, but she also realized that soon the lights would go out for good. Then there would be nothing under them. Mulder and Scully reached an A-Deck rail. Mulder clambered over it and landed on a large steel casing. He reached up and grabbed Scully's hands, helping her climb down next to him. Scully slipped when she was shoved from behind and she and Mulder landed with a THUD on the deck. Immediately they were assailed by a stampede. Scully cried out and reached for Mulder in the crowd. A hand reached out and grabbed her arm, hoisting her up on her feet. It was the baker, holding a whiskey flask in the other hand. "I've got you, miss!" he said. Mulder appeared behind her and they were pushed into a rush of panicking passengers trying to get down the stairs to the well-deck, which was the only way aft. People jumped off the ship right near them, screaming as they hit the freezing water. Scully just wanted to close her eyes and get away from this nightmare. Never in her life had she felt this much fear--but Mulder was by her side. The ship groaned and shuddered as the lights went out again and came back on, like a beast was under the ship ready to swallow all of them when Titanic finally went completely underwater. Mulder pushed through ahead of him, and the crowd gradually thinned out. Suddenly they heard a tremendous crash and they looked behind them. The forward funnel, the dummy funnel, had ripped from its base and was now toppling down into the water. Scully gasped as it crashed into the water with a tremendous splash. The tiny black figures that were swimming under it disappeared instantly. The huge waves that resulted tossed Collapsible A farther out. Water poured into the huge, gaping hole that was left in the funnel's wake. Swimmers were mercilessly sucked in like spiders down a drain as seawater whirlpooled into the belly of the ship. Another tremendous crash was heard, this time like breaking glass. The dome of the Grand Staircase had given away,

sending hundreds of tons of water thundering through the first class areas like a waterfall. It was truly the Armageddon of elegance. Screams and wails of tremendous pain assailed Scully's ears, but she could do nothing. The roar of the doomed passengers was like a winning kick at the SuperBowl. Cracks and sickening splinters were heard as Titanic was ripped apart from the inside out. The awful groans sounded like the ship itself was wailing in pain as it was completely destroyed. People were jumping from the ship, some dying at the tremendous impact with the water, others passing out because of the freezing cold. Mulder continued to tug Scully behind him to the stern railing but the continuous tilting of the ship was making it challenging. They were clinging together as best they could as they grabbed an empty space at the stern railing, right next to the flagpole. Mulder gripped the rail with one arm and with the other kept a tight arm around Scully. She wrapped her arms around him, holding on for dear life. She clung closer to him as the lights blinked again and threatened to go out. As people on all sides jammed them in, Scully stared at the faces of the doomed around her. They were rich, poor, priests, women, children, lovers holding onto each other for the last time. Scully felt tears come to her eyes and her heart filled with infinite sadness. She turned to Mulder, tears streaming down her face. "Mulder," she said. He looked down at her, his eyes just as distraught. "This is where we first met!" Scully managed a breathy laugh. In fact, they had met six years ago, but in 1912 the meeting at the flagpole had changed both of their lives. Mulder looked at her with intense love in his eyes. Quickly he pulled her to him and kissed it fiercely, clutching her tightly against him. Scully tightened her arms around his waist and buried her head closer to his chest. This was where she truly felt safe. Then the lights went out completely. Titanic had become a black silhouette against the bright stars. Scully fought a scream in the intense darkness. Then she heard the most sickening crack in her whole life. The deck split, ripping open as if a tremendous claw had torn its way through the ship. A yawning chasm opened up, splitting the ship to the keel. The passengers clinging to the stern screamed as they plummeted down to the ocean, as if they were on a roller coaster ride from hell. Cables from the funnels ripped, sending the two forward funnels nose-diving into the water. All Scully could hear was explosions and breaking glass and splintering wood. Mulder pressed Scully tightly against the rail, holding the rail around her and keeping an arm wrapped around her waist. They were being pulled back by the gravity and if they let go they would go tumbling back down the deck. The ocean pouring into the gigantic hole sounded like Niagara Falls except accentuated by hundred and hundreds of terrified screams. The stern section fell back towards the water while the bow almost completely disappeared underneath the swirling black leviathan of the ocean. Dozens of people were sucked in, slamming against machinery and other huge furniture. The stern section paused as the people who had been swimming under it in the water were now gone. The mighty wave resulting from its plunge sent the few remaining collapsibles bobbing away from the ship. The awesome weight of the water flooding the bowels of the ship began to tug the stern section down. But instead of sinking, it was still attached by the keel to the forward section. The descent of the bow drug the stern section with it, pulling it up faster and faster. The stern lifted higher and higher out of water and helpless passengers began to slide down the decks, hitting benches, railings, ventilators, and other people. Mulder sprung into action and climbed over the stern rail, using the flagpole as leverage. He reached to Scully, who was clinging to the rail, in danger of slipping. She immediately grabbed his hand,

holding onto it with all of her strength. "Come on, Scully!" Mulder pulled her by the hand as Scully grabbed the rail with the other and hoisted herself over. "I've got you, Scully! I won't let go!" As soon as she got over, the stern went completely vertical, sending people plummeting ten stories into the water. Then it stopped. The stern was straight up in the air, standing hundreds of feet up. It hung there silently, stable. For nearly two agonizing minutes, Scully lay on the railing, looking through the bars at the boiling sea below just waiting to swallow them up. Just below her feet were the gold letters TITANIC emblazoned on the stern. People beside her who didn't climb over hung from the railing. Some fell, others swung. Passengers below them fell as well, some hitting ventilators and benches, taking other people with them in the freezing water. Scully was holding her breath. Mulder placed himself on top of her, pressing her against the railing to keep her from falling. In normal circumstances she would have protested such an act. She didn't like to be protected, but she was too frightened to complain. In fact, it just showed her how much Mulder cared and how far he was willing to go for her life. Then suddenly the relentless final plunge began as the stern section flooded. The ship slowly started down like a nightmarish elevator ride. Mulder got off of her and lay right beside her. The 100 feet between them and the boiling black water became 75...than 60...than 50...than 25. Explosions were heard as the water blew the air out of the ship with immense force. Mulder grabbed her hand tightly in him. "This ship is going to suck us down!" Mulder was yelling and talking fast, but Scully heard every word. "Take a deep breath when I say! Keep for the surface and keep kicking! DO NOT let go of my hand!" Scully nodded as the swirling black water quickly approached them. "We're gonna make it, Scully! Trust me!" Mulder squeezed her hand and met her frightened eyes. "I trust you!" Scully yelled. She looked to Mulder and shouted, "I love you!" but at that moment he yelled. "NOW!" He hadn't heard her. They took deep breaths and Titanic disappeared under the boiling ocean. There was nothing now on the surface.

Bodies were whirled and spun below the surface, as limp as rag dolls. Others were struggling against the tremendous suction. The ship disappeared beneath them with an incredible groan. Mulder and Scully held on to each other as they were swirled around in the icy water. Mulder kicked hard toward her and grabbed her lifebelt, attempting to pull them up to the surface. Scully grabbed his arms and pulled him with her. Her lifebelt was boosting her up while he had nothing. Then suddenly a blast of air ripped him away from her. Their hands broke and Mulder went spinning back into the black void below them. Scully tried to scream his name, but couldn't without air. She threw her hand out, but was met with only water. She broke the surface and immediately began to yell her partner's name at the top of her lungs. "MULDER! MULDER!" But her one voice melted into the hundreds of screaming people around her. The icewater was like a thousand knives in her body, but she ignored it. Others were screaming in terrific pain, grabbing anything insanely to get them out of the water. The cold was so intense it felt as if her body was on fire. Scully was clawed at as she swam a few feet, her bulky lifebelt hindering her from moving too fast. "MULDER!" Then she thought she heard her name faintly over the din. "Scully!" Scully stopped and spun around as best she could in the dense crowd. "Mulder!" Suddenly a hand reached out and grabbed her. She screamed and splashed around to face the person. Mulder was there, treading water. Scully cried out for joy

and dived at him, locking her arms around his neck. "We need to keep moving, Scully! Swim!" He tried to get her attention, but her mind was slowly going numb because of the intense cold. Mulder grabbed her by her lifebelt and pulled her with him. She splashed behind him like a limp seal as he encouraged her on. "Almost there, Scully! Keep swimming! Don't stop now!" He was desperately looking for anything that was floating to get her out of the freezing water. "Keep swimming!" "I can't..." Scully rasped, her arms becoming limp. She was becoming sluggish in the 28-degree water. For the rest of her life she would never forget this feeling--if she even saw the rest of her life. "Yeah, you can!" Mulder insisted, heaving her heavy body along with him to keep her conscious. Her whole body was becoming numb and useless. "It's so cold!" she exclaimed, fighting to keep her eyes open. All around them there was a deafening chorus of wails, moans, and shrieks. The water was causing pain beyond belief. But there was no help. There were no boats. Beyond the huge field of screaming victims there was nothing--except black water stretching to the horizon. There was nothing but isolation and helplessness. "Look for anything floating, Scully. Anything!" Mulder said, swimming with strong strokes to keep him from freezing. Scully was nearly unable to breathe. Her lungs were frozen and constricted. Her throat was sore beyond comprehension. Chills racked her body and her face was covered in frostbite, but she couldn't feel it--her face was numb. Then her ears... She squeezed her eyes shut trying to keep out the horrifying screams and wails around her. Suddenly a large board loomed in front of them. Mulder grabbed the side of the huge chunk of floating wood, pulling her up beside him. It was clearly only big enough to support her. "Can you get on?" he asked, coughing up seawater. Scully gripped the side. "What if you can't get on?" she shivered. Mulder was wearing a thin white shirt and trousers while she was wearing a coat and a lifebelt. He couldn't survive long in the freezing water. "I don't give a damn, Scully! Get on!" Mulder boosted her up onto the raft. She slithered on, belly first. Scully collapsed on the wooden board, half-dead from her exertion alone. She was too weak to argue anyway, but her heart was aching. She refused to watch him die like this. Tears came to her eyes, warming her face as they spilled down her bruised cheeks. As she lay on the board out of the water, she struggled to catch her breath through her wheezing lungs. Her teeth chattered like a motor. Mulder swam to the head of the board and grabbed her hand. He pulled himself slightly out of the water, shuddering intensely. "We'll be alright now, Scully. We'll be alright now," he tried to assure her, but he didn't sound so sure himself. He took deep breaths, trying to open up his lungs against the wheezing. Their hair was caked with ice and their faces were sheet white in the cold night air. Mulder was becoming disoriented as he held onto Scully's hand. She dropped her head so that she was touching Mulder's forehead. Their breath floated around them like a cloud as they panted from exhaustion. A whistle was piercing the night beside them. They looked over to see an officer blowing his whistle, knowing the sound would carry for miles over the water. "Return the boats!" he yelled. But Scully knew the boats would not be returning, but Mulder tried to encourage her. "The boats'll be coming back for us, Scully. It'll take a few minutes, but now they'll come and get us out of here." He squeezed her hand and met her eyes. "We're going to make it, Scully." Scully nodded, but her spirits were dying. Victims around them screamed for help, begging for the boats to come. One-by-one, the sounds disappeared around them as someone else passed out and died. They remained silent, mournful of the victims and of their own fate. They continued to shake and shiver uncontrollably. Even though Scully was out of the water, she was still numb and

deathly cold. As the time passed and the boats still didn't come, Mulder realized that they were in deep trouble. Every minute was torture. The horrifying cries were subsiding. Gradually, the sounds died to a few mournful cries and some gentle splashing. Mulder and Scully were still holding on together, silent, but comforted by each other's presence. They were drifting under the blazing stars in glassy water, like a millpond. The bright stars were reflected on the surface. Mulder rubbed her arms, but he was slowly becoming completely uncoordinated in the water. Their faces were chalk white--like death was coming for both of them. "It's getting quiet," Scully said, her voice sad and near tears. Her head was lying on Mulder's arm, which was lying on the raft. His hand was tight in hers, comforting. Mulder shuddered. "It'll take a couple minutes for the boats to get here." Then they were silent again for a few more minutes. Just talking took an incredible amount of energy. Scully found his eyes in the dim moonlight. "I love you, Mulder." Mulder looked to her. "Don't do that, Scully. This isn't goodbye. We're going to make it. Do you understand? You're stronger than this." "Cold..." was all she managed. "I'm so cold..." Mulder brought his face closer to hers, shivering so hard it was causing the raft to move. "Don't give up on me now, Scully. We've come this far. This is not the end." "I can't feel my body, Mulder." Mulder was desperate for her to listen. "This isn't the end for you, Scully. You have so much ahead of you--a family, a career. You don't belong here. You don't deserve to die here, Scully--not like this. Don't give up on me. Please..." Tears were running down her face. She knew this was a goodbye. Mulder wasn't going to survive much longer--and neither was she. It didn't matter if she was out of the water or not. "For years I loved you, Mulder," her words came out a broken sob. "You've given me so much. I can't imagine going on without you..." Mulder was shivering so hard that he could barely speak. "You're the best thing that ever happened to me, Scully. Now you've got to promise me something. Promise me that you'll survive. That-That you won't give up tonight. That you'll try no matter how much it takes. Promise me, Scully. And never let go of this promise." Mulder tightened his grip on her hand, bringing clasped it in front of them like she was taking a vow. Scully was crying silently now. The blow her heart was taking was unbearable. She was watching her partner die in front of her. "I promise, Mulder. I'll never let go." Mulder smiled and kissed their clasped hands. Their foreheads dropped against one another's, savoring their last moments together. It was quiet all around them now except for the gentle lapping of the water.

***** Scully and Mulder drifted silently in the still, glassy sea. It was moved by only the lightest undulating current, ice and water creating barely audible tinkling. The stars were shining brilliantly in the sky, reflected perfectly all around them, giving the impression they were floating in interstellar space. A void seemed to enclose around her, sending her into a semi-hallucinatory state. She knew she was dying. Her mind was numb and her body paralyzed with cold. Scully's eyes were barely open as she lay on her back, staring blankly above her in a catatonic state. Her face was like the face of the dead around her-- pale, white, and lifeless. Warmth seeped into her body as peaceful sleep began to descend upon Scully. She knew the end was near. The only way someone could tell Scully was even alive was the slow and broken movement of her lips to a song. "Joy to the world...to all the boys and girls...Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea...Joy to you and me..." Mulder's hand was still frozen to hers, but he had been silent and still for a long while. Her mind began to drift to the last six years of their life

together.

<<>>

Scully was dying. Every memory, every thought, and every feeling left her body slowly. She seemed to feel her soul detaching, drifting with her mind into a beautiful oblivion. This is how it was going to end for them, out in the North Atlantic ocean, dying peacefully on a piece of driftwood. Her heart beat slowed, the blood pounding in her ears. This was it. She could almost see her father and sister standing in the sky above, reaching down their hands to her. The movement of her lips slowed and stopped. Her whole spirit left her as she let go of the one thing that was keeping her alive--Mulder. She could feel the life leave his body. He was dead. <<_>> A light suddenly hit her from the side. Scully's head slowly turned toward it, her frozen hair ripping from the raft she was lying on. The images and sounds were distorted as the light brightened around her. Her mind was not functioning. Nothing seemed to come together. The light on her right slowly grew brighter and brighter until it engulfed her completely. Scully closed her eyes, finally giving in to the welcoming blackness of unconsciousness. _

— Scully felt intense warmth when she opened her eyes. The soft and inviting feel of blankets around her elicited a moan from her throat. She paused and stared up, trying to understand where she was. The ceiling was white and tiled and she heard the distinct beep of a heart monitor. This was definitely not 1912. A warm hand was tightly holding hers. Scully slowly moved her head and saw a dark, disheveled head of hair lying next their entwined hands on the bed. The steady breathing told her that he was sleeping. Mulder. He was alive. Scully realized she was in a hospital, but the equipment around her told her that it was 1999, certainly not 1912. She was not floating on a raft in the North Atlantic Ocean. This was much more safe and warm. Except her chest was on fire. She felt pain race through her body and suddenly remembered everything--she had been shot. She stared up at the ceiling again. So it had all been a dream. Feeling Mulder's hand in hers, she smiled wide. At least he had never let go. Her heart fell when she thought of Skinner. She wanted desperately to see him, to know that he was alive. Tears came to her eyes and she winced as she remembered the horrific sinking. Why she had been sent back she didn't know, but it was an experience she would carry with her for the rest of her life. Mulder stirred beside her, letting out a slight groan. Scully gently squeezed their hands and Mulder sat up quickly, startled by the movement. His eyes were wide with joy and a giant smile spread across his unshaved face. "Nice to see you again, sleepyhead!" Scully smiled and leaned back on the pillow. "Good to be back." Her voice was raspy. Mulder leaned forward, not letting go of their hands. "You gave us quite a scare there, Scully. You were in surgery for almost six hours for that bullet wound. For a while no one thought you would make it." He gently brushed a small strand of hair out of her eyes. Scully's mind was whirling. "How long was I unconscious?" "Three days." Scully's eyes went wide. It had seemed like a lifetime on that ship. Suddenly her eyes caught sight of something behind Mulder and her jaw dropped. Titanic was playing on the TV. It was the scene when Leonardo DiCaprio was drawing Kate Winslet naked. It was the same in every way. The same intense look, the same pose she had taken... He turned and saw what she was looking at and let out a small laugh. "Yeah, I got stuck watching it," he

said sheepishly. "I admit it, but what got me was the love story. I think I fell asleep when he was teaching her to fly." Scully felt like bursting out into laughter, but restrained. Their eyes met and something passed between them, unspoken. Scully remembered their time together on the Titanic. She had vowed to tell him how she felt when she got back. But Mulder broke the spell and startled her out of her reverie. "Well, I should let you rest. You need sleep," he kissed her hand quickly and pulled it from hers. He started out of the room when Scully's frantic cry stopped him. "Don't let go, Mulder!" Mulder whirled around in the doorway, confused. Scully stopped herself when she realized what she had said. "I mean, uh, don't go. I'd like to talk to you for a little while." Mulder smiled and sighed. He trotted back over to the bed and sat in his chair. Scully stared at him, her eyes becoming serious. "Mulder, I had a very strange experience. Something happened while I was unconscious." Mulder's face broke into a smile. "Has the skeptic finally given in?" Scully chuckled. "Maybe, Mulder. Maybe." Mulder set his elbow on the bed, leaning his cheek into his palm. "Do I get to hear it? It must be pretty fantastic to make Dana Scully a believer." Scully paused. She closed her eyes as in the back of her mind she heard echoes of his voice from the dream. **"Don't think, Scully! Just go with it!"** She took his hand and met his eyes. "Mulder, I have to tell you something...It's going to change everything, but I have to say it." "Yes?" A silence took over the room for several seconds before Scully said, "I love you." Mulder rolled his eyes. "Oh, brother." He got up and left the room. Scully stared in shocked silence after him, but realized that that's exactly how she would have acted in his position. The tables have turned. She sighed and leaned her head back down on the pillow, but a sharp pain caused her to raise her head back up quickly. She brought a tender hand to her forehead and found a huge, fresh lump. Her heart racing, she remembered when she had taken a tumble in that steerage hallway. A smile crept onto her face. Scully easily fell back to sleep, contented and peaceful. She would tell Mulder in the morning when he was sure she was lucid. It was inevitable now. Everything she had gone through had only proved that they were meant to be together. She knew he felt the same about her--he had told her that he loved her when he woke up in the Bermuda Triangle. Scully had blown him off then, unsure of her feelings and unwilling to take the next step. Now she was sure. All the tension would end--tomorrow. She woke up a few hours later, still in the warm comfortable hospital bed. Her gaze went to the television and she saw Kate Winslet standing on the deck of the Carpathia, looking up at the Statue of Liberty. An officer came up to her and asked for her name. She replied, "Dawson. Rose Dawson." A smile broke out on Scully's face and she closed her eyes again, sinking into a peaceful dream. <<<>>> Scully drifted through a black abyss, almost as if she was flying. The Titanic appeared ahead of her, rusted and wrecked at the bottom of the abysmal ocean, resting peacefully, as Scully would be. As if she were gliding, the A-deck promenade rose to meet her. As she floated along the deck, the rust disappeared, and the ship became white and glorious as it was the day she and Mulder fell in love. Light radiated from every window and door, illuminating the ship in all its majesty. Scully turned and headed into a doorway. A doorman smiled and opened the glass doors, revealing the opulence of the Grand Staircase. All the people from her life were waiting there to meet her. Everyone she had loved and lost. This is what heaven would be for her. Her mother and father, smiling and holding hands--her sister, Melissa, as beautiful as the last time Scully had seen her--her brothers, Charlie and Bill, still handsome and grinning men--her nieces and nephews--Emily holding Melissa's hand--the Lone Gunmen, still in the same clothes they had

always worn, smiling and welcoming her--Pendrell in a labcoat--Jack Willis--Father McCue at the base of the stairs--Deep Throat--Samantha, William and Teena Mulder, holding each other. At the cherub at the bottom of the Grand Staircase stood Skinner, beaming with happiness. All these people were waiting to greet her. At the top of the stairs stood a man, dressed in a black leather jacket, jeans, and a gray shirt, facing away from her and looking at the grand clock. He turned as she ascended the staircase. It was Mulder, still the ruggedly handsome man she had fallen in love with. A wide, ecstatic smile lit his face when he saw her and he reached out his hand. She took it and as she came to the top, she became 30-year old Dana Scully, whose body was unmarred by death or tragedy, with shining red hair and fire in her eyes. She smiled as her face came to Mulder's level. They looked deeply at one another for a moment, their eyes ablaze with love. Then they leaned in to each other and kissed, passionately and happily amid the joyful clapping of her loved ones, as they shared the first embrace that would be the beginning of eternity. _

--

--

--

End
file.